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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, August 24 1940

THE KING INSPECTS THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT DEFENCES

His Majesty Becomes Interested in a Sound Locator During His Kent Visit

The stirring events of the past few days in the air have rather distracted the public attention from the wonderful system of anti-aircraft defence *on the ground* which has grown up within the past months. But the King—mindful of the great work already achieved by A.A. units—has just carried out an inspection of three anti-aircraft and search-light camps in parts of Kent; and displayed the keenest interest in all he saw. Batteries, search-lights, and sound-locators were all visited, the King being accompanied by the G.O.C. Anti-Aircraft Command—which is, incidentally, the largest Command in the country. After our first line of defence—the fighter aeroplanes of the R.A.F.—we shall all be looking to the men of the A.A. Command this winter to repel enemy attacks by air on this country

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 51

32-34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4

INTENSIFIED WAR ON BRITAIN.—The Nazis spoke the truth (for once) when they assured their people that the attack on Britain was indeed being intensified. Many more people in Britain have become war conscious with the buzz of innumerable aircraft overhead and the rattling of guns, the rumble of falling bombs and the stutter of machine-guns, and before their eyes, the smoke of burnt-out enemy planes. Of course it is not a pleasant experience, yet there is comfort in this intensification. It is a costly business for both sides, but unquestionably it is thrice as costly for the Nazis. After all, if there be no present limit to the output of aeroplanes, there is a calculable limit to the output of trained pilots and personnel and in the past month the loss to the Nazis must have been two and a half times that of ours. When every big formation from Germany returns home with a 15 per cent. loss, the effect on morale must be as serious as the loss of personnel. There is no arguing out of such facts and certainties. There is a time limit mathematically calculable (though not yet calculated, for lack of full data) to the duration of such mass attacks; and personnel, petrol and morale play their parts in it. Meanwhile the effect on the morale of the populations is quite certainly more serious in parts of Germany than in these islands.

A BRITON'S CREED.—I think one of the *facts*—if it could penetrate into the Nazi mentality, which it cannot hope to do for months—which would strike real dismay into the hearts of Hitler and Göring and Mussolini is this: I believe that there is not in this country to-day, after all that has happened, 1 per cent. of our population which believes that Britons could suffer defeat at the hands of Germans. I am sure that was true in 1939, and I am equally sure it is still true to-day. (Dunkirk, as that wise man General Smuts said, was a turning-point of the war.) If the Nazis accepted this assertion as a fact, they would of course put it down to our crass stupidity. They would be wrong again. It is our national genius. We derive that proud confidence in part from the heroism and competence of our young airmen, soldiers, and sailors of to-day, in large part also from the records of history, from the qualities of our fathers and ancestors. Such is our national conviction. Nothing in the present war has shaken it. Be it a war of nerves or bombs, we adhere to the belief.

EXPERIENCES OF AIR WARFARE.—Unpleasant as it is, to live, with one's children, under almost constant air-raid alarms, to carry on one's occupations with the sky humming with a bee-swarm of fighting planes overhead, these recent experiences have afforded some solid grounds for comfort. The effect of exploding bombs, both as regards noise and damage, depends enormously on the nature of the terrain. In hilly or broken ground, the sound of bombs exploding a mile away may be almost imperceptible and may not even rattle the windows. On an estate of small country houses covering perhaps 40 acres, several bombs exploded, yet not a single window of any of its twenty houses was broken. The sound of bombs exploding 20 miles away is much clearer than that of bombs falling 2 miles away in broken country. This curious fact is comforting, and greatly simplifies our air-raid technique with children. During an air-raid warning, they can be allowed to play in the garden when the hum of planes is faint, and they soon become used to coming back to the house when the noise gets louder. There is no doubt that isolated small houses in hilly country, away from main roads, military objectives, railways and rivers, afford their inhabitants a good deal of relief from the annoyance of air-raids and their effects on children's nerves. But it is also clear that, wherever we live, we fall fairly soon and fairly easily into the technique, grow used to the nuisance, and do not suffer it to interfere with our occupations or prey on our minds.

THE NEW NAVAL V.C.—LIEUT. RICHARD BEEN STANNARD, R.N.R.: Second Naval V.C. of the war, he was in command of the trawler *Arab* at Namsos. When many tons of hand grenades had been set on fire on the wharf, he rammed the pier and held *Arab's* bow there, and endeavoured for two hours to fight the flames. After helping other ships against air attacks, he established an armed camp on shore, attacking enemy aircraft by day and keeping anti-submarine watch by night. Throughout a period of five days *Arab* was subjected to thirty-one bombing attacks and the camp ashore was repeatedly machine-gunned and bombed: yet, so well-planned was the defensive position that only one man was wounded

THE NEW FLYING V.C. — ACTING FLIGHT-LIEUT. RODERICK LEAROYD: Awarded the highest decoration for valour for his work in bombing the Dortmund-Ems canal in North-West Germany. He piloted his big Hampden bomber through a blasting hail of shrapnel and pom-pom fire, dodging the searchlights in search of his special objective. His machine was riddled with shrapnel holes and large pieces of his main planes were shot away. After dropping his bombs he flew the wrecked plane and crew safely back to England. The canal which he bombed and destroyed—and which was specially protected—carried the equivalent of 300 train-loads of war and other material a day

STARVATION IN EUROPE?—It is a little difficult to penetrate the fog which still hangs over the prospect of "winter feed" for the enslaved countries of Europe. While those who write to and in the Press still assume that the starvation point must be reached before spring, an officially endorsed estimate published last week declared that no such tragedy was imminent and that available stocks of food in storage and in sight existed to tide Europe over until another harvest, if distribution can be properly organised. This estimate, so far as France is concerned, has since been endorsed by the Vichy Government even while it appeals for a lifting of the blockade. That clear pronouncement appears to have been passed over. That the day of starvation will come, no one can doubt. When it will come, is far less certain. Therefore the suggestion, made in *The Times* by Colonel Meinertzhagen on August 10, seemed to me an interesting contribution to this particular issue. He suggested that there should be built up gradually in the Dominions and Americas (and indeed all over the world) a great store of food earmarked for starving Europe the moment Nazi-Fascist control ceases.

HUMANITY OR SENTIMENTALITY?—The merits of his plan, which he stresses, and which I do not necessarily endorse, are these: (a) Europe must one day fall to be relieved and revictualled, and the accumulated stocks can meanwhile be "turned over" for the use of the Allies; (b) it would relieve the growing surpluses of food stocks all the world over; (c) it would answer Germany's propaganda appeal to "humanity," and the genuine humanity urge in America and Britain; (d) stricken Europe would be given an incentive to begin, what one day it must begin, to rid its lands of the rule of the tyrant. There is no other certain way by which peace and retribution and the end of human misery can be attained. Thus Colonel Meinertzhagen, who would appear to have overlooked the difficulty of vast storage accommodation. Mr. Hoover's project and plans have all the weaknesses of sentimentality and none of the realism of hard facts. Either there is plenty of food for Hitler's Europe, if it be fairly distributed this winter, or there is not. If there is not, there is a faint chance that the agonies Hitler has brought on Europe may be ended sooner than we expect. Britain has only one answer possible to Hoover—that he should cultivate a broad and far-sighted humanity and resist a narrow and personal sentimentality.

ENSLAVED NATIONS AND REVOLT.—Colonel Meinertzhagen is not the only one to speak of this "inevitable revolt" by the enslaved countries. The idea figured prominently in Mr. Eden's latest war review. He spoke of these countries of Europe rising one day "sword in hand" to regain their freedom side by side with Britain. At present, in the fog of war, there is always a certain weakness in the pictures, vaguely sketched by Ministers, of the time to come when Britain will carry the war on land into the enemy's country, just as there is an obscurity about our post-war aims for a new Europe and world order. It is inevitable, and I sometimes wonder at the clamour for Government indications of its future policy and peace aims. The time is not ripe. We do not yet comprehend by what means the revolt against Hitlerism in the enslaved countries can be successfully brought about. The Germans are organised and armed to the teeth. A revolt by men armed with swords against an oppressor armed with heavy tanks and dive-bombers would have a tragic and swift end. Even when the time comes that Britain is in a position to supply in bulk the latest modern weapons to those enslaved nations willing to revolt, much time would be needed for organisation into fighting units. There are indeed so many "ifs" and so many conditions before an organised revolt can take the war into enemy country, that it is mere wishful thinking to-day to hint at it.

EXCUSES IN ADVANCE.—I simply cannot believe that the temper of our nation requires (or even that the authorities can have so poor an opinion of us as to imagine it requires) those elaborate apologies and those advance explanations of Italian "successes," actual and to come, in the fighting in North Africa. If the Italians, by vastly superior force, occupy one of our outposts or North African towns, the fact that they have done so should be enough. We know the conditions, we are now advised of the strengths available on either side, and we derive no moral or material benefit (nor does our cause in neutral or enemy opinion) by announcing that the stolen grapes were sour or the stolen hen barren. To what extent the trick of voice and the modulation of tone by the announcers add irritation to these unfortunate apologies, I do not know. To some extent they certainly do, because the same elaborate excuse read by one announcer is more distressing than when read later by another. The whole policy of excuses leaves a sense of humiliation and suggests grounds for doubt and anxiety which I feel sure our numerically inferior forces opposed to the Italians do not feel.

SENDING BACK THE TRUTH.—I could almost wish that one or two Nazi pilots captured in recent engagements might find means to return to Germany. It is stimulating to draw a picture of the personal interview between the returned hero and the Reich's Marshal, Göring, himself. It would be a disappointing interview for both interrogator and witness. The pilot would have to admit that no one tried to torture him, that he saw much of the South Coast, including one or two naval bases, but was unable to notice any signs of ruin or even scars of war. He would reluctantly confess that the Spitfires and Hurricanes seemed to be able to make rings round Heinkels and Messerschmitts and that the Nazi statistics of comparative losses on either side, read by him in the English press, had surprised him . . . No; he had not personally noticed any signs of war weariness in England; the food was everywhere ample and excellent; he did not understand the British point of view—those Englishmen whom he spoke to were considerate and kind to him. He was taken across country in a car and saw everywhere signs of the most up-to-date and advanced defence preparations. He thought it would be difficult to find spaces for the landing of troop-carrying planes. Such aerodromes as he saw were closely guarded and defended day and night. He did not think invasion would succeed. No, with respect, he did not think the Englishers yet knew they were beaten . . . if he might be forgiven saying so, he believed they had no doubt of victory . . . But, no doubt also, when the Reich-Marshal launched his *blitzkrieg*, all that would be changed . . . He had been given a drink in an air squadron mess and had seen framed on the wall a copy of the Führer's noble and generous peace offer. Under it was inscribed the words *Heil Hitler*, and the letters SEZ YOU. No, with respect, he did not think that that fact implied revolt against Churchill or any desire for peace in the squadron. He feared that the letters SEZ YOU were not intended to show respect to the Führer. We hope that the officer's truthfulness would have their reward in promotion and the thanks of the Field-Marshal. But we are not sure.

GARDENS FOR SERVICE MEN—SURREY.—The summer is waning but the beauties of autumn are only beginning. I gave recently a list of some West Sussex gardens which stood open any day of the week for the enjoyment of troops and members of Dominion, Colonial and Overseas clubs and hostels, in arranged parties or otherwise. Here are some in Surrey, many of them conveniently situated for the main purpose of giving recreation and change of ideas to waiting troops and to visitors from overseas. I give pride of place to Mr. Lloyd George at Bron-y-de, Churt. A visit to that interesting garden might well include a close-up of, or even a conversation with, the Elder Statesman himself. Then there are Hascombe Court, Godalming (Sir John Jarvis), giving a wealth of beauties; Sutton Place, near Guildford (Duke of Sutherland), with its wonderful old Tudor House; Frensham Hall, close to Haslemere (Dow. Countess Cawdor), a garden with a fifty-year reputation; Foxwarren, Cobham (Mr. Ezra), with a miniature Zoo thrown in, if it still exists; and Farnham Castle keep and the Bishop's garden—not forgetting the site of the new Cathedral on Stag's Hill, Guildford.

THE OLD STAGER

IN the MIDST of BATTLE

Scenes during the Actual Progress of the Air Fighting Over England

IN THE MIDST OF THE BATTLE: Hurricanes coming in to refuel and rearm actually during the struggle. Seconds only are devoted to these operations, so efficient is the organisation and so keen the personnel. As each plane comes overhead, the pilot awaits the signal from the landing officer on the aerodrome. Above, two aircraft are circling, with undercarriage down, waiting to land, whilst a third is actually making his approach

HURRICANES TAKING OFF TO REPEL YET ANOTHER ATTACK—THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN ACTUALLY AS ENEMY AIRCRAFT WERE APPROACHING

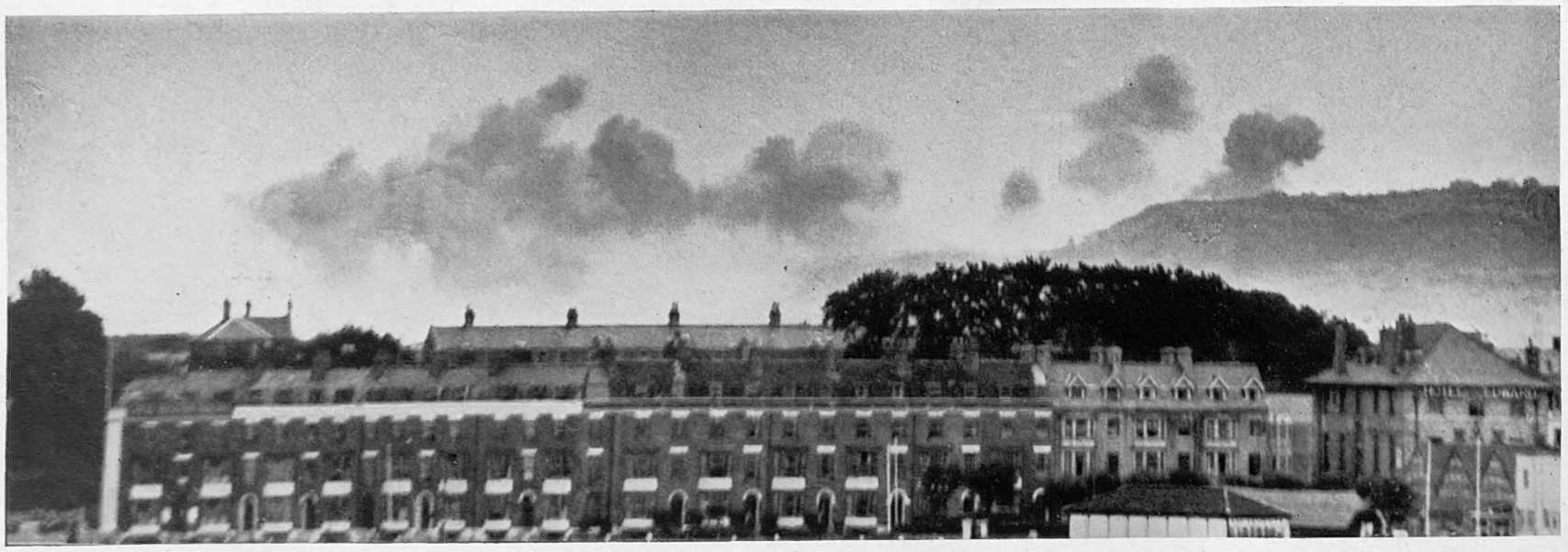
The pictures reproduced here were all taken during the course of actual air fighting over England on the day when 180 Nazi machines of all types were shot down by British fighter aircraft and A.A. batteries

A NEW ZEALAND PILOT, who has come from Auckland to help in the struggle, returning after baling out during a battle over the coast. He had shot down a bomber during this action, bringing his "bag" to date up to eight, and then was himself shot down. Note that he is still holding in his left hand the handle of the rip-cord

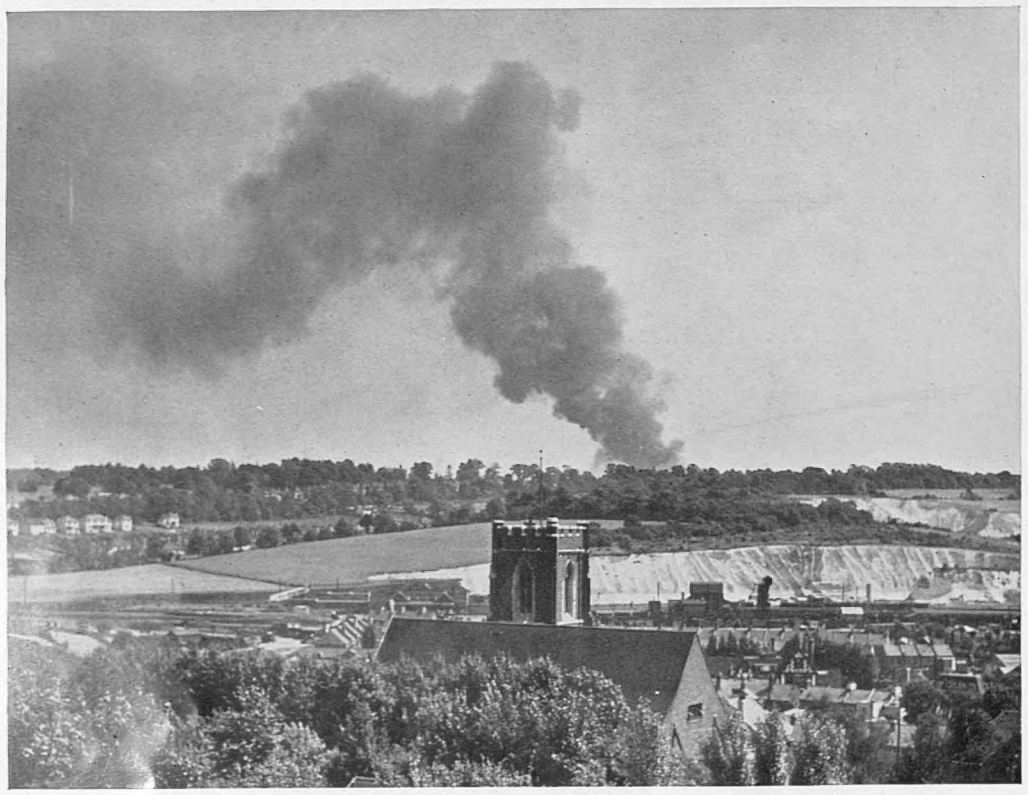
AN ACTUAL COMBAT PICTURE—THE PILOT STEPS OUT TO REPORT BEFORE TAKING OFF AGAIN: Still wearing his parachute, telephones, and oxygen apparatus, the pilot steps from his cockpit to stretch his legs before taking off again to rejoin the battle. During these few minutes the Intelligence Officer will try to gather the pilot's story: meanwhile the petrol feed pipe is already in position refilling the tanks, and armourers are replenishing the machine-guns. Only minutes elapse before the pilot is in the air again

SHOT DOWN FOR THE THIRD TIME: A British pilot just after he made a forced landing during the midst of an air battle. In this, he had himself shot down three Nazi planes in the one encounter before being forced down himself. This pilot had already been shot down twice previously during the fighting in France—and is thus evidently a tough nut for the Germans

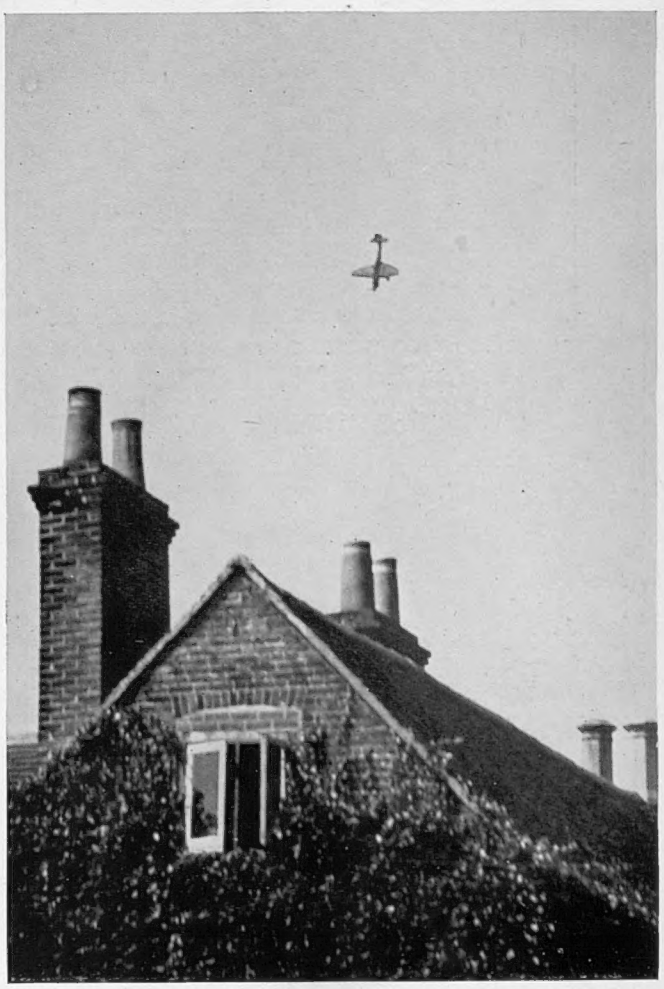
ONE OF THE REASONS WHY SO MANY BRITISH PILOTS ARE SAVED: One of the R.A.F.'s high-speed boats shooting out of a South Coast harbour to rescue British pilots shot down over the sea. Each pilot has a special safety jacket which keeps him afloat should his aircraft be shot down, and this is the reason why so many of our pilots have been saved during recent fighting over the Channel



THE AFTERMATH OF A RAID ON PORTLAND: This attack, in the South-West, was "ineffective, but a few civilian casualties were caused, none of which was fatal", according to the Air Ministry communiqué. At the same time, the Germans were broadcasting from Hamburg that "no power on earth can prevent the German Air Force from dropping its bombs wherever it pleases on British territory." The picture reproduced above shows the clouds of smoke following the German raiders as they dropped their bombs



Above—**WAR COMES TO BRITAIN:** A great cloud of smoke rises as yet another German bomber hurtles to its doom. In the past few days the following types have been shot down—bombers, fighter-bombers, twin-engined and single-engined fighters, and seaplanes



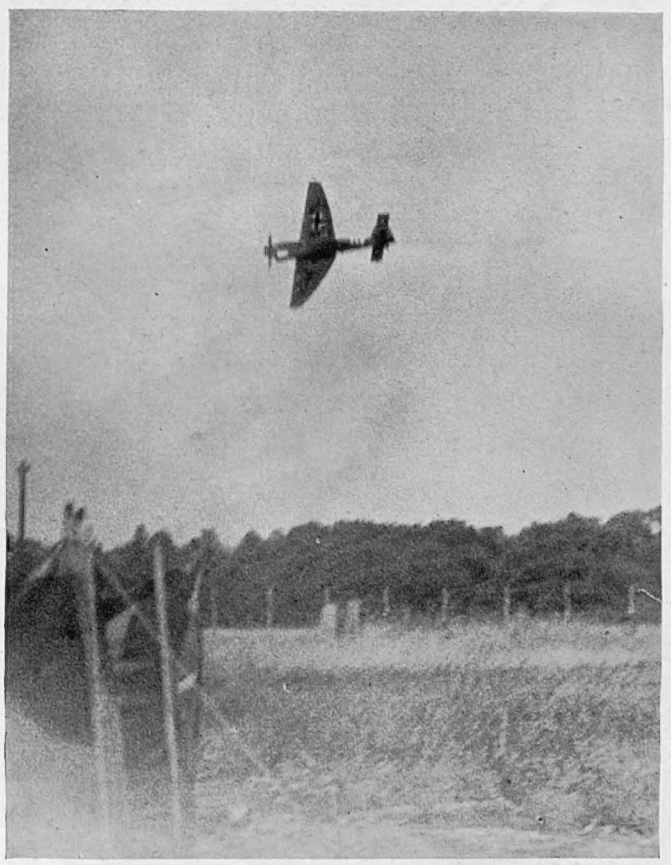
On right—**THE END OF A GERMAN FIGHTER:** This enemy aeroplane was shot down during one of the many battles over the South-East. As it dived vertically down to earth flames began to pour forth: these were extinguished by the A.F.S.

A GERMAN DIVE-BOMBER MAKES A FUTILE ATTACK OVER A SOUTH-EAST COAST TOWN—THE WHOLE SALVO OF FIVE BOMBS DROP INTO THE SEA AS THE RAIDER MAKES OFF FOR HIS HOME AERODROME ACROSS THE CHANNEL. APPARENTLY THE RAIDER WAS BEATEN OFF BY ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS, AND WAS FORCED TO JETTISON HIS BOMB-LOAD FOR GREATER SPEED

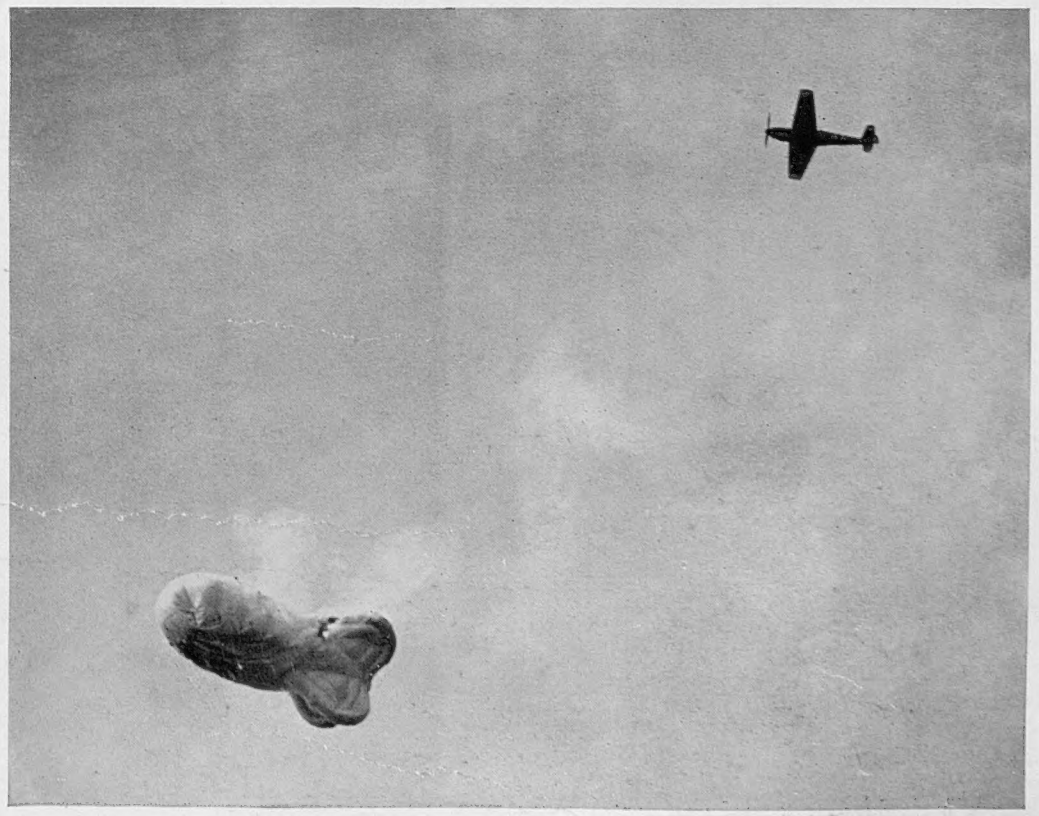
THE GERMANS ATTEMPT AN AIR "BLITZKRIEG" OVER BRITAIN

Actual Pictures Taken During the Course of the Air Battles of the Past Few Days

"DOG FIGHTS" OVER THE SOUTH-EAST COAST: In many of the battles of the past fortnight, combat has taken place at such a height that the aircraft engaged were not visible to the naked eye. In such cases, it was only possible to follow the fight because of the white streaks, caused by condensation of the vapour, which followed each plane 20,000 and 30,000 ft. above the ground. The confused nature of the fighting during one of these "dog fights" is well brought out in the above picture



THIS NAZI PLANE WAS ACTUALLY MACHINE-GUNNING THE CAMERAMAN WHEN THE PICTURE WAS TAKEN: A German Junkers 87 dive-bomber photographed in the act of machine-gunning an anti-aircraft post. The cameraman who took the picture was in the thick of an attack by twenty dive-bombers when he managed to take this close-up—the closest of a Nazi raider in action ever taken in Great Britain. Bullets cracking round the A.A. gun emplacement raised dust which spoiled some of his pictures!



A GERMAN PLANE ACTUALLY SETTING FIRE TO A BALLOON OF THE DOVER BARRAGE: At the beginning of the war the Germans were full of scorn for the British balloon barrages; very soon, however, Berlin and other large towns in Germany were putting up similar barrages. And, now, the German raiders seem to be making special efforts to bring down these once-derided defenders. Dover, especially, has been an object of attack, because the balloons effectively prevent precision in dive-bombing

AFTER THE RAIDE

The Wonderful Efficacy of the Anderson Shelters; and

ONE OF THE "NEW AND IMPORTANT SUCCESSES" OBTAINED BY THE GERMAN AIR FORCE: In a communiqué issued by the German High Command the foregoing phrase is used. This suburban street in South-West London is, then, one of the "industrial centres" mentioned?

BUSINESS AS USUAL AFTER THE RAID: Despite that bombing was severe at this point, the suburban shop above reopened immediately after the raid, notwithstanding the debris and broken glass

AFTER THE RAIDERS HAD PASSED IN SOUTH-WEST LONDON: A new car soon becomes a second-hand one after such an experience: the one seen here was practically wrecked by flying debris and shrapnel

TWO NUNS HELP IN RESCUE WORK: The approach to a station on the outskirts of London, with walls pitted with shrapnel as the result of the raid. The nuns were actually on their way to assist the victims of the bombers

A VERY HEAVY BOMB FELL HERE: This huge crater was caused by a heavy bomb from a Junkers which fell in front of a row of cottages near the South Coast. No one was hurt by the explosion, but the Nazi machine was brought down on the roadway nearby a few seconds afterwards! Thus, not only was the whole journey of this particular bomber wasted, but the aeroplane itself was lost for ever to Germany at no cost to us!

CLEARING AWAY THE DEBRIS

Now that air raids on London have actually begun, it has soon become evident that careful plans have been laid to deal quickly and effectively with the havoc caused by the raiders. Wherever

RS HAD PASSED

the Wonderful Morale of the Bombed Populace

MACHINE-GUNNED BY LOW-FLYING PLANES: A caravan bus in a South-West suburb which was caught by a raider. It was sprayed by machine-gun bullets from end to end

THE EFFICACY OF ANDERSON AIR-RAID SHELTERS: This is a truly amazing picture: a heavy bomb fell here, yet the houses in the vicinity still stand, despite the damage to their roofs; and all the Anderson shelters, in which numbers of people were taking refuge, remained intact!

TWO PICTURES—ONE FROM THE NORTH OF ENGLAND AND ONE FROM CROYDON—WHICH DEMONSTRATE THE EFFECTIVENESS OF THE ANDERSON SHELTERS

This picture comes from the North of England: a bomb dropped a few feet from the Anderson shelter on the right. It wrecked a house, and created huge mounds of debris in the vicinity, but the shelter was undamaged and the occupants unhurt

From Croydon comes this picture: in the foreground is a buried shelter which saved five lives, including a baby two years of age. Although the occupants were trapped by falling earth and debris they were eventually rescued

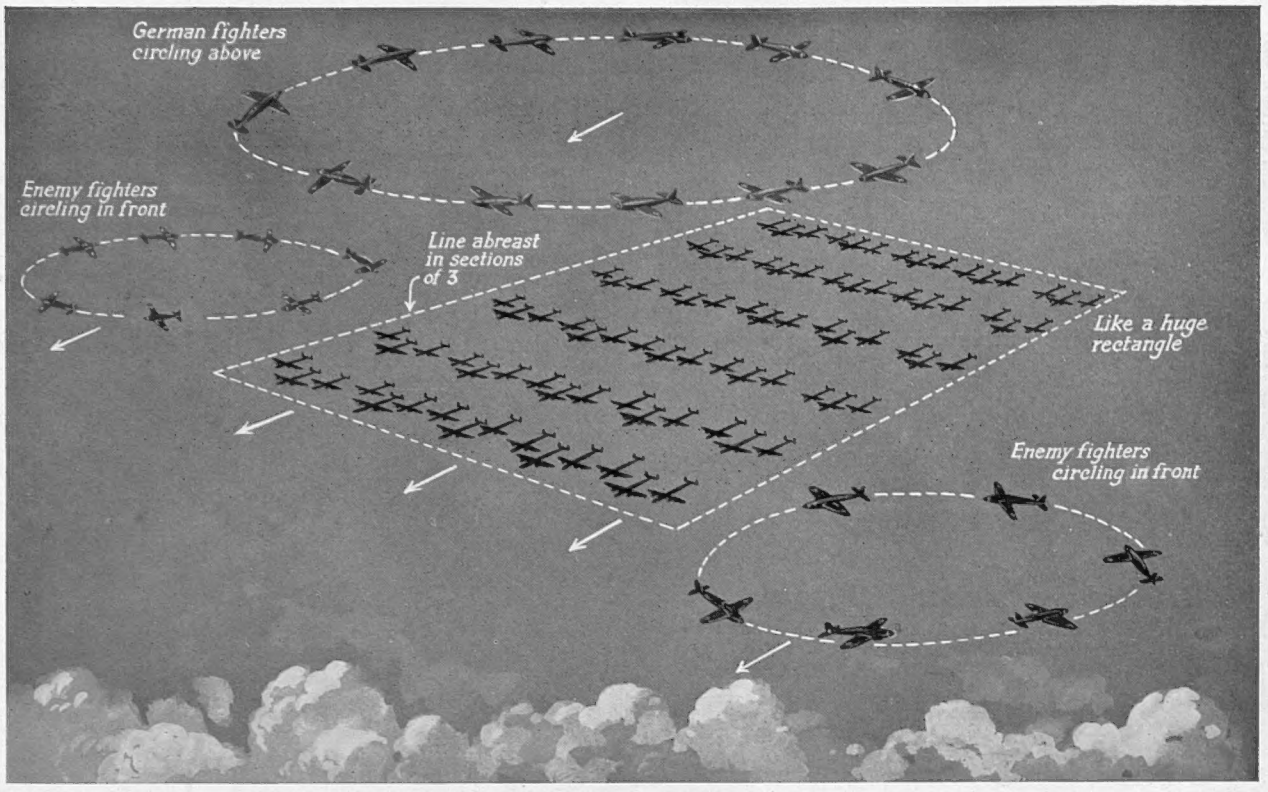
WITHIN A FEW MINUTES OF THE PASSING OF THE RAIDERS, THE STREETS ARE CLEARED BY SPECIAL SQUADS OF SKILLED MEN

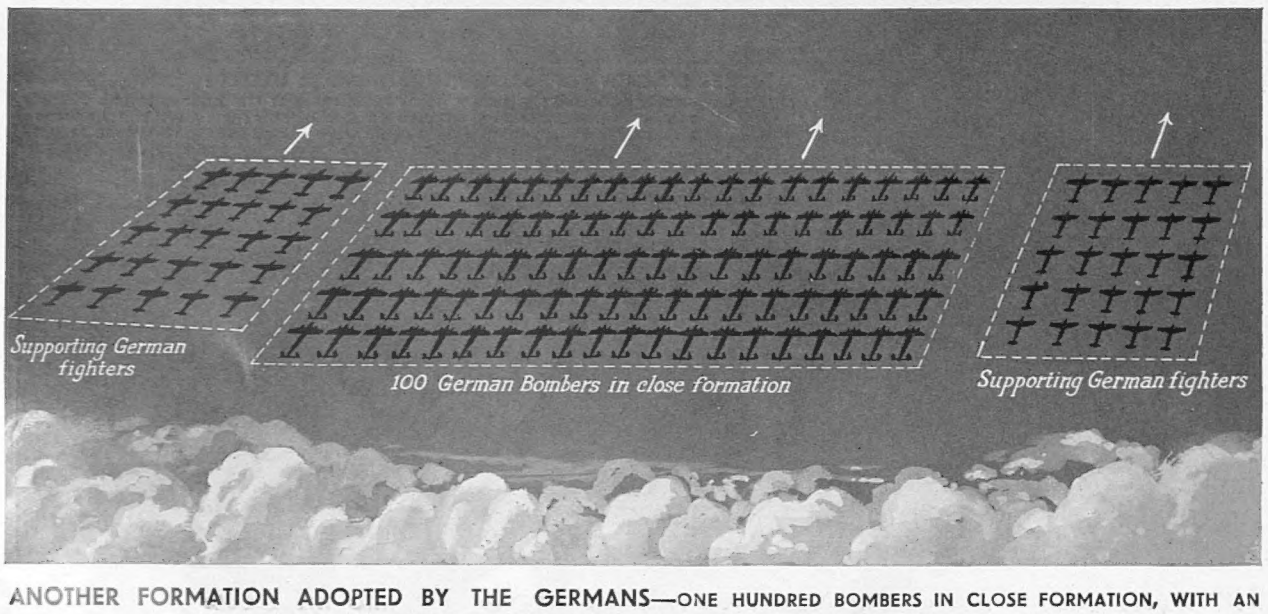
damage has been caused, special squads of men have appeared within a very short time and set to work clearing away the debris, shoring up damaged houses, replacing roof-tops, and otherwise creating order out of chaos. In some cases, borough councils of unaffected areas have gone to the assistance of their less fortunate neighbours. As Air Ministry communiqués have already indicated, very little damage of a military nature has so far been caused by the raiders

BATTLE TACTICS OF THE SKY

On the succeeding pages we devote considerable attention—in diagram and letterpress—to the methods now being evolved in aerial combat over this island. These two drawings should be taken as complementary to the Section which follows.

The first drawing shows an actual enemy formation as it was witnessed over Kent a few days ago, whilst another battle between a crack Spitfire squadron and a number of lone fighters and bombers was in progress. While these dog-fights were taking place a large formation of bombers appeared: there were at least eighty bombers in this formation, flying in lines abreast in sections of three. They looked, as a Spitfire pilot said, "like a huge rectangle." They were supported by many enemy fighters circling above and in front of them. Before the Spitfire squadron landed, however, the formation had been truly broken up—three Messerschmitt 109 fighters were destroyed, two more Messerschmitts were seriously damaged, and two of the new Heinkel 113 fighters (Germany's latest-type aircraft) and five Dornier 17 bombers were also shot down.

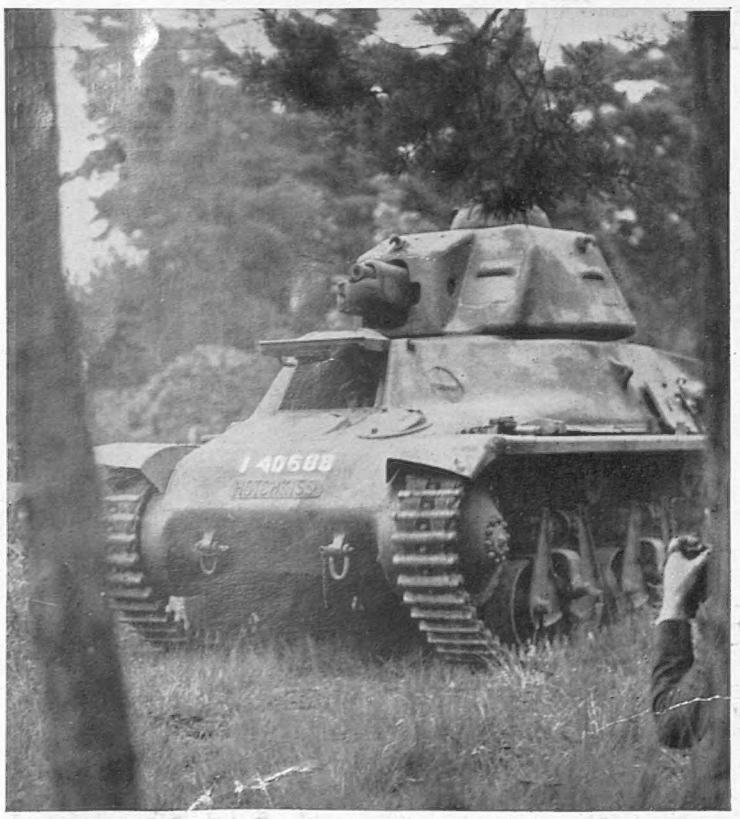




HOW ONE GERMAN FORMATION ATTEMPTED TO APPROACH ENGLAND—BOMBERS FLYING IN VICS OF THREE, AND ESCORTED BY ENEMY FIGHTERS, WHICH CIRCLED IN FRONT AND ABOVE THEM

ANOTHER FORMATION ADOPTED BY THE GERMANS—ONE HUNDRED BOMBERS IN CLOSE FORMATION, WITH AN ESCORT OF FIGHTER AEROPLANES ON BOTH SIDES, WITNESSED FLYING TOWARDS LONDON

The second drawing depicts another actual formation witnessed a few days ago. This consisted of a hundred German bombers in close formation—again in line abreast, but not in Vics this time. When these were sighted from a coast town, it was also observed that there were blocks of German fighters on both sides of the bombers, acting as escorts. The whole formation was flying at a great height and in the direction of London. When they returned about an hour later—after the fighters of the R.A.F. had finished with them—there were only fifty-three of them left—and these were flying haphazard, with all formation lost.

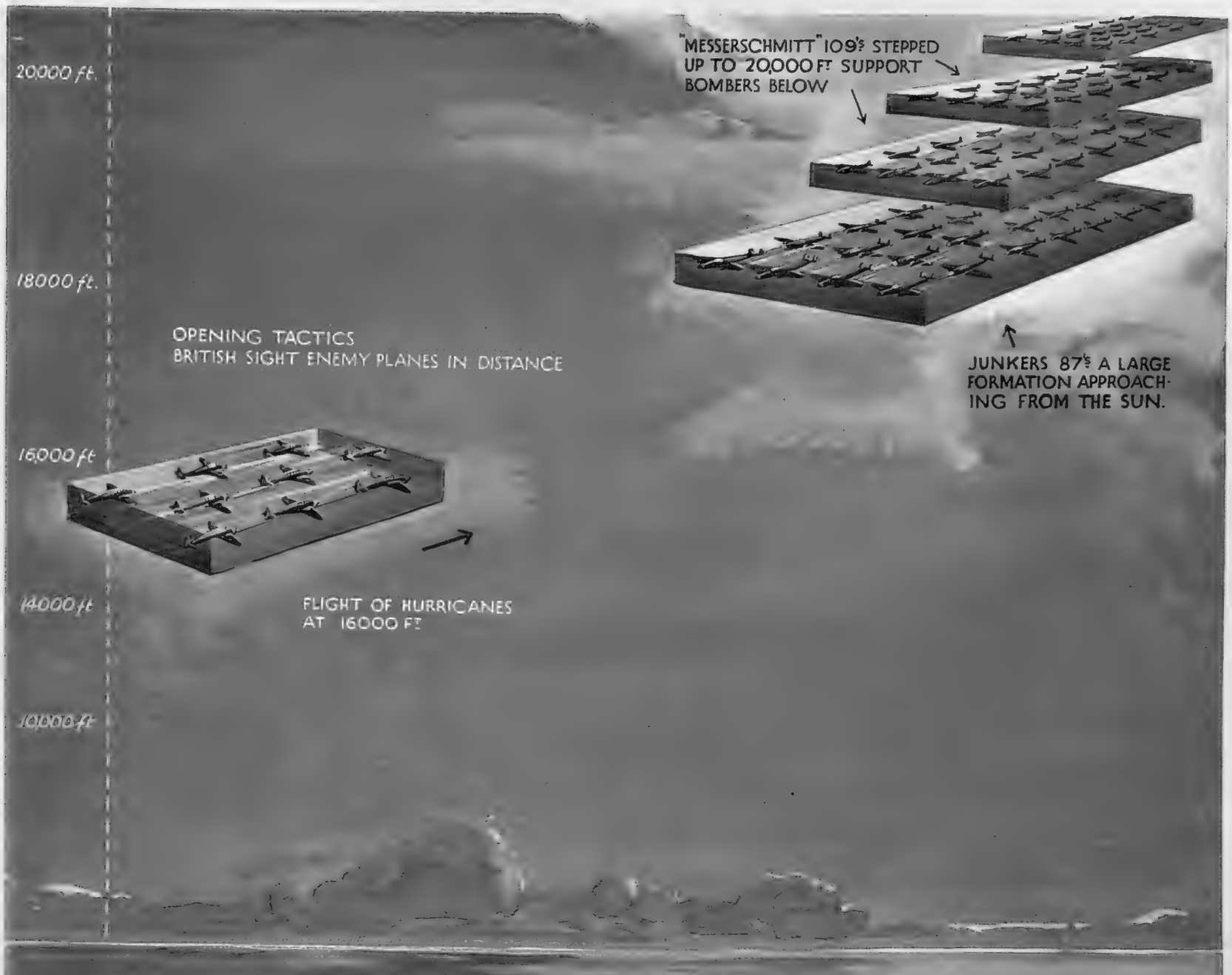


ONE OF THE BIG TANKS OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN ENGLAND

The French forces under General de Gaulle have at their command a number of wonderful tanks like the above, it has just been disclosed. They are now on manœuvres with the Free French Forces in this country. Some of the tanks went through the Norwegian campaign; for the resistance of their armour and their fire power they are reputed to be the finest machines of their type in Europe. A 37-mm. gun is mounted in a revolving turret of great solidity, which, as experience in France showed, successfully resisted the German anti-tank gun. Many of these tanks, in fact, still bear the marks of shells which had not pierced the plating

THE BRITISH MOTOR TORPEDO BOAT WHICH RAMMED A NAZI WARSHIP

A few days ago Britain was filled with admiration for the M.T.B. which did not hesitate to ram a Nazi warship during action. With jerseys, sea stockings and other articles of clothing stuffed into her damaged bow, the vessel arrived home safely in a British port after her engagement with the bigger enemy craft. The engagement was fought in the morning darkness, and the torpedo boat—thinking that the enemy ahead was a German E boat, a craft of comparable type, and being too close to take other action—rammed the Nazi vessel, which was afterwards seen to be listing heavily. The British vessels all emerged victorious from the action, which was fought at point-blank range with machine-guns and grenades. No casualties were suffered by the British forces and no other damage was sustained. Above are seen Lieutenant James Terry Mannooch, captain of the M.T.B., and members of the ship's company inspecting the damaged bow after the vessel had been taken from the water at her base



1. THE BOMBERS APPROACH—ESCORTED BY BLOCKS OF MESSERSCHMITT FIGHTERS "STEPPED UP" INTO THE CLOUDS

This diagram shows the opening phase of the air engagement; taking this as the first of the series, the rest of the tactical operations will be found illustrated on the two following pages. The bombing aeroplanes are approaching British shores in a tightly packed mass at about 18,000 ft., which would be an average height for them. "Stepped up" in the sky, above and behind, are the successive tiers of escorting fighters; In the words of a pilot, "we saw a large formation of Junkers 87's approaching from the sun, with Messerschmitt 109's 'stepped up' behind to 20,000 ft." On the left of our diagram-picture we show the Hurricanes flying at 16,000 ft. towards the air invaders and preparing for combat. As they approach, the Hurricanes keep formation. For the successive stages of the action please turn to the next page

BATTLE TACTICS of the SKY

The Technique of Mass Raids as Carried Out by the Germans; and How British Fighters Break Up the Bombers and Drive Off Their Escorts

Pictured in Diagram form by E. G. LAMBERT, and Described by CHARLES G. GREY

AIR Ministry communiqués and broadcasts by officers of the R.A.F. have lately given people a rather better idea of the tactics of modern air fighting than we have had in the past. When one reads or hears of "squadrons" or "flights" the titles are a trifle indeterminate. Before the war a squadron of fighters definitely consisted of nine aeroplanes divided into three flights of three. The general idea in the Air Force itself was that when mobilised for war, fighter squadrons would consist of three flights of five machines each, or, as in the last war, of three flights of six machines each. But there is no reason why a squadron should not consist of two flights of nine machines each divided into three sections of three machines each.

The fighter formation most commonly seen patrolling sea and land, and therefore obviously most familiar to the Germans, is a formation of nine aeroplanes divided into three sections of three; and certainly a section of three machines in arrowhead formation is the handiest thing to manœuvre. Three good pilots who are accustomed to working together can move almost like one aeroplane, and can co-operate with one another efficiently.

A well-trained squadron can put itself into all sorts of formations at the word of command given by radio by the squadron-leader, or whoever is leading the formation, to each of the other machines. Probably most people still do not know that orders are given verbally by radio to all pilots in the formation by the officer commanding. That is why short stubby masts are seen sticking up from the tops of fighters in photographs. Whether the whole formation of nine is together or there is only a section of three they attack whatever number of enemy aircraft they happen to find in front of them.

There is this to be remembered, that, as all fighters fire straight ahead, only one at a time can fire at another machine. Consequently, although outnumbered, our machines cannot be surrounded by a cloud of fighters and shot at from all directions in the way our own Defiants with midships gun-turrets can shoot.

Nothing could be a better example of R.A.F. methods than the description broadcast recently of how a squadron which had been sent out to investigate a raid off Beachy Head went up to 20,000 ft. and saw, at between 30,000 ft. and 35,000 ft., no fewer than 36 Messerschmitt 110's meeting them.

Another official story describes how a formation of Hurricanes met a formation of dive-bombers with formations of protective fighters stepped up above them. This meant that climbing to the level of the bombers and working round behind them to attack "out of the sun" the Hurricanes would find themselves underneath the German fighters which would then be in a position to dive on top of them.

The aft gunners in the German dive-bombers would have the sun in their eyes as the Hurricanes attacked, but the German fighters, above the Hurricanes, would themselves come down out of the sun on top of the Hurricanes.

There is reason to believe that in these big protective formations German fighters fly in what is called a "box formation." That is, a kind of diamond or square formation flight with one point leading. In other words, it is the normal arrowhead or Vee formation, such as is used by flights of duck, and has been used by aeroplanes ever since formation flying began, but behind the arrowhead or Vee comes another formation of the same sort but inverted, so that the last machine of the formation is on its own and is

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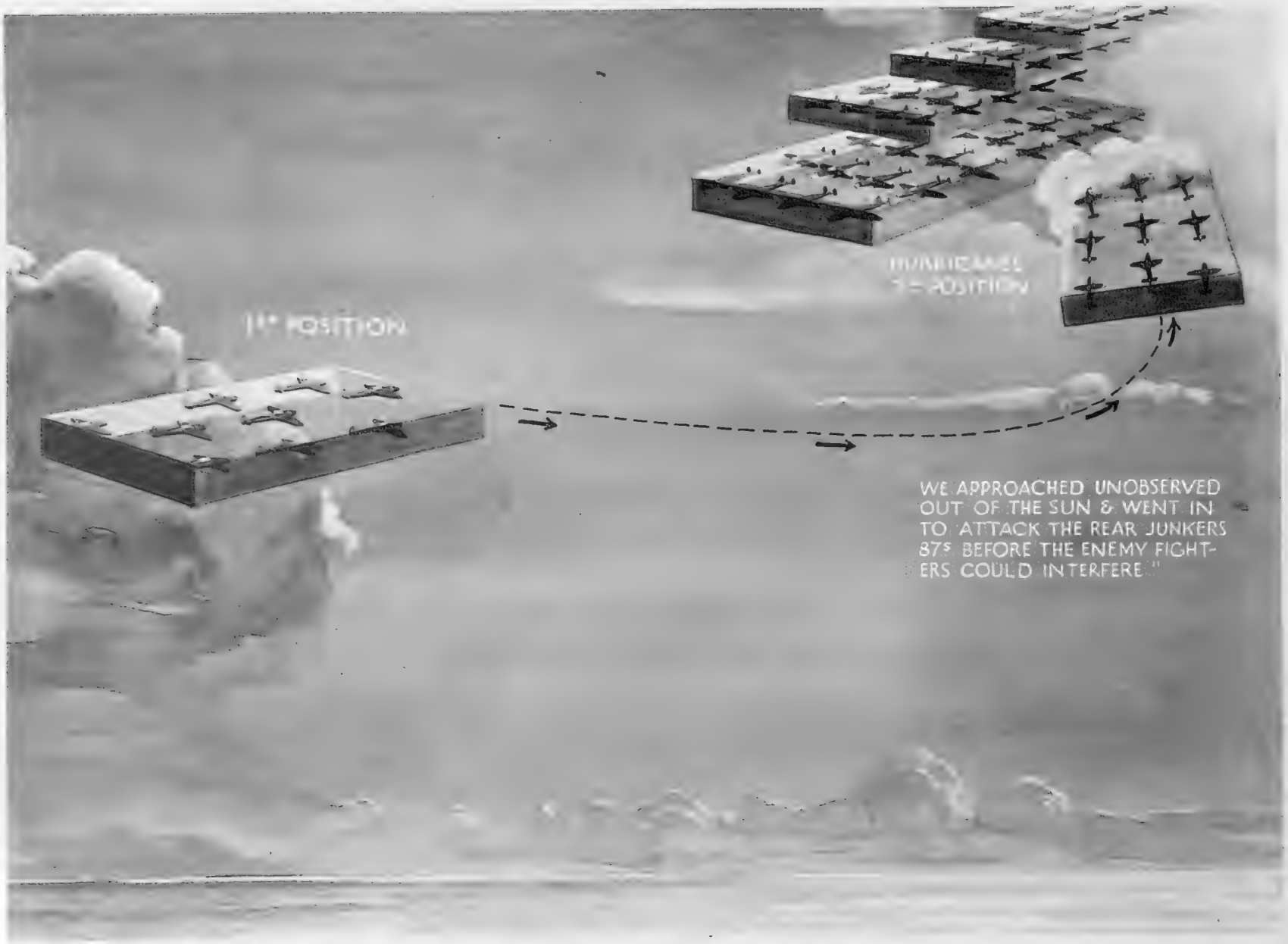
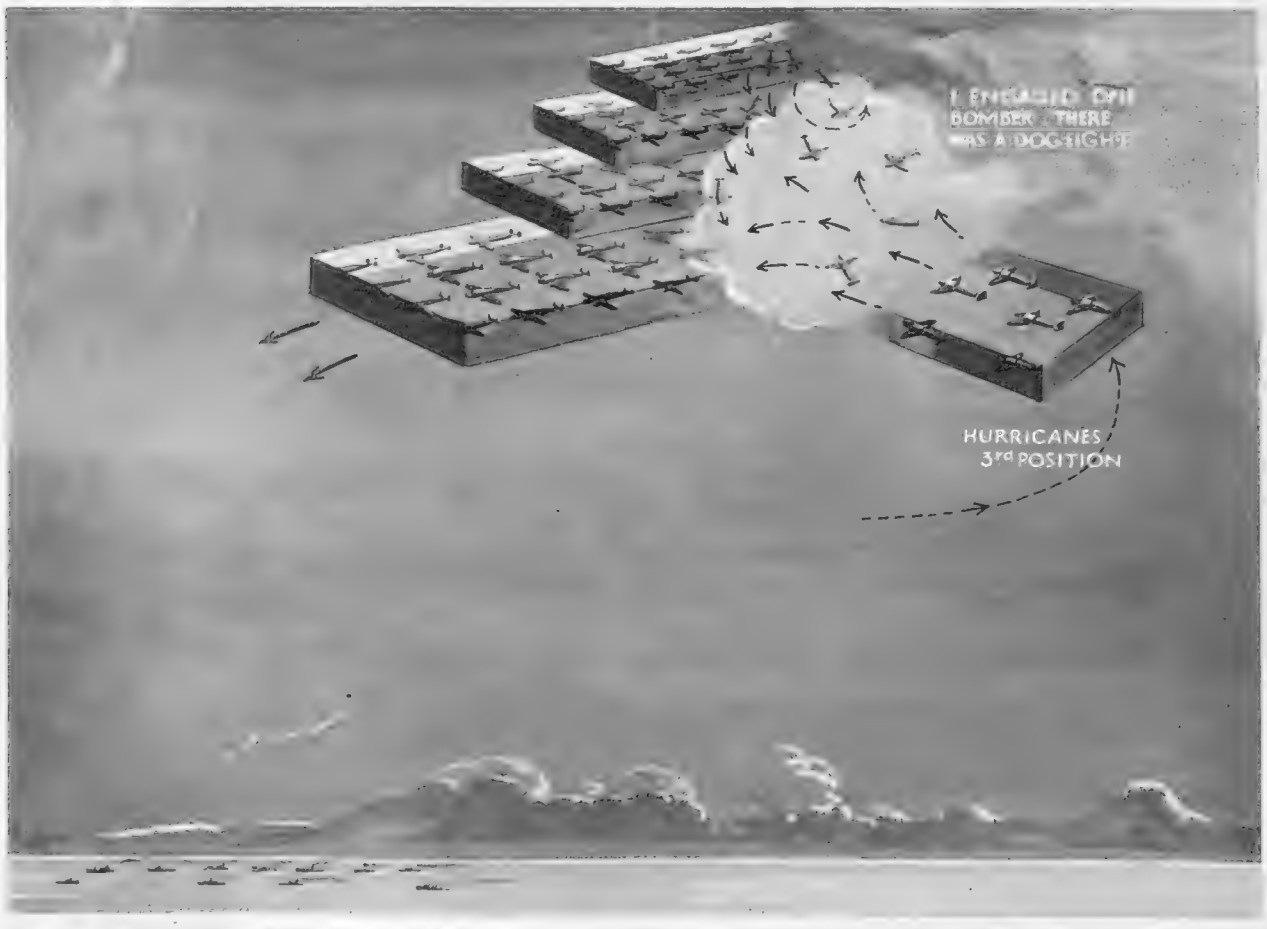


2. THE HURRICANES ATTACK: TURNING IN THE AIR TO COME IN WITH THE SUN BEHIND THEM FOR THE FIRST PHASE OF COMBAT

Having observed the approach of the enemy in good time, the fast fighters turn away to come in with the sun behind them—always a disconcerting manœuvre for the enemy, increasing as it does his difficulties in registering an accurate fire. At the same time the fighters have been climbing up to the level of the closely-guarded bombers, and they immediately attack the rear members of this tight packed mass before the enemy fighters can intervene. It is the duty of the bombers to get through, however; they therefore continue on their way—all those who are not shot down in the first clashes, leaving the development of the battle to their escorts, who are by now preparing to take *their* part in the action by diving down on to the attacking fighters whilst the remaining bombers attempt to carry out their pre-determined tasks



3. THE DOG-FIGHT BEGINS: THE BOMBERS ARRIVE OVER THEIR OBJECTIVE AS THE HURRICANES GO INTO ACTION

Having escorted the dive-bombers to the scene of the action—in this case a convoy—and having maintained their protective formation up to this moment, the successive layers of Messerschmitts have to take quick action against the menacing defenders who have now become attackers. Whilst some of the Messerschmitts still try to keep the Hurricanes from shooting down the slower and comparatively helpless bombers, the main bulk of the fighters join issue—and the real "dog-fight" begins. Soon the whole sky becomes filled with whirling and twisting aeroplanes, each pilot doing his utmost to get the other in his sights. It is at this stage of the combat that supremacy by one or other of the contesting sides is first established

BATTLE TACTICS of the SKY

(Continued from preceding page)

following at a distance the leader at the head of the formation.

This is an excellent formation from which to drop on an enemy below, but it is not so good when the enemy happens to be above, because it leaves the tail machine at the aft point of the diamond open to attack, so it is better for bombers, which have after-guns, than for fighters.

The official story relates how the Hurricanes attacked the machines at the tail of the bomber formation and were themselves attacked by the German fighters above, so that the whole thing resolved itself into a dog-fight, and the leading machines of the bomber and fighter formations turned and made for home while the Hurricanes were massacring the rest of the German formation.

Judging by all the accounts published, the technique of the modern dog-fight is just as it used to be in the last war with the difference that in chasing one another in 1914–18 the fighters turned round in a circle about the size of Piccadilly Circus, while in the modern high-speed fighters the pilots are doing well if they can get them round a curve equal to the wider end of the Brooklands motor track.

Nevertheless, now as twenty years ago the object of each pilot is to get on to the other man's tail. Consequently a comparatively slow manœuvrable machine can almost always avoid being hit by a fast machine, but cannot get away from it, whereas a fast machine can always leave the fight when the pilot wishes; that is the chief reason why our people want still faster aeroplanes. They want to stop the Germans getting away.

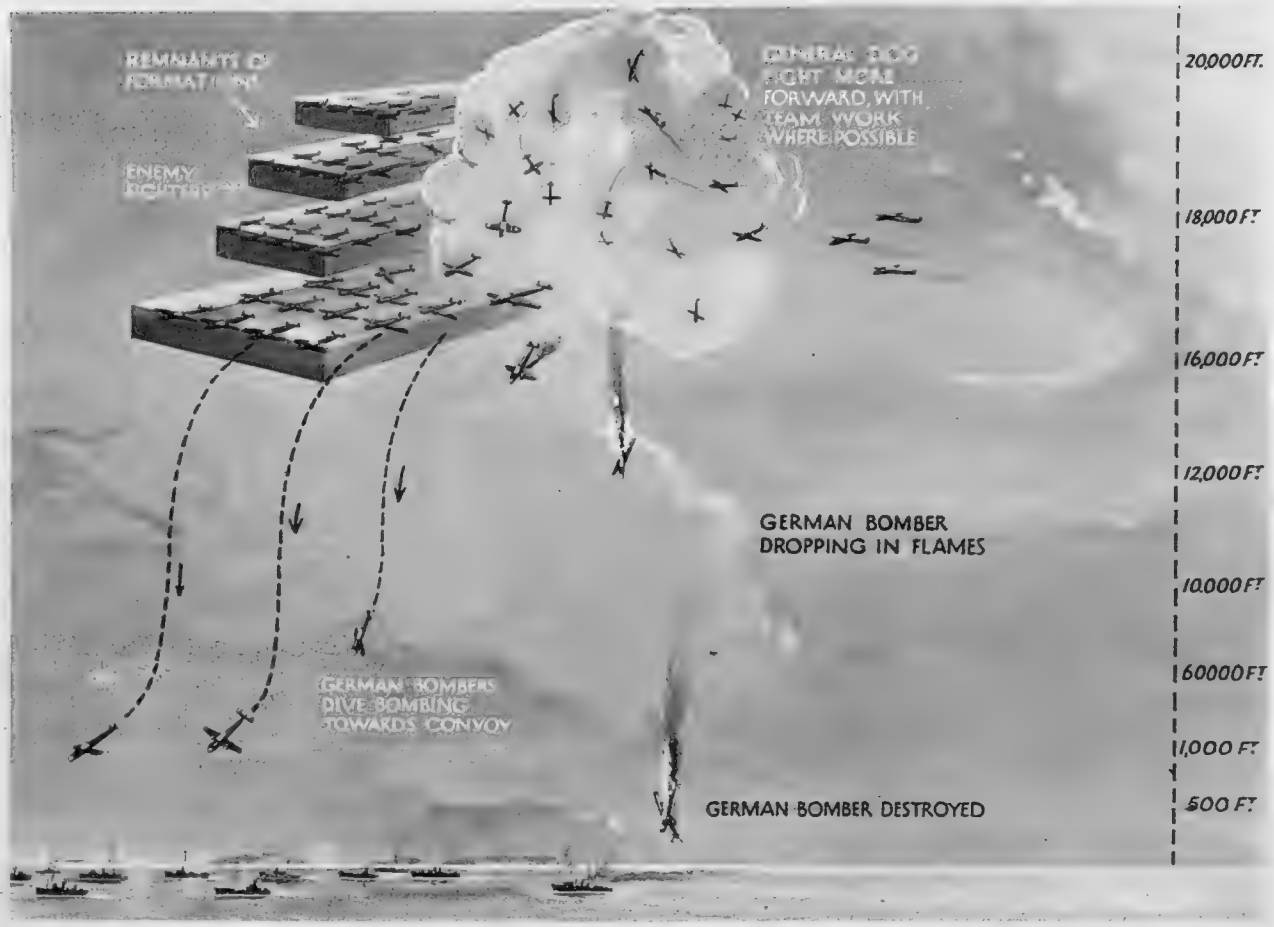
THE STRATEGY OF THE MASS ATTACK

As Evidenced by Recent Air Raids on Britain

The recent mass attacks on this country by hordes of Nazi bombers and fighter-planes have prompted the series of drawings published on these pages. They have been devised to show, in diagrammatic form, the methods underlying the big attacks on England. It is not claimed for our diagrams that they are exact: that is not possible when dealing with a subject which is so liable to change *and which has still to be resolved into an exact science.* It must not be forgotten that it is only *now* that we are witnessing the creation of a third factor in war—Sea Power and Land Power are the two factors of which we know and for which almost exact formulae exists; but Air Power, and its effects and its influence on the ultimate issue of a campaign, has still to be assessed.

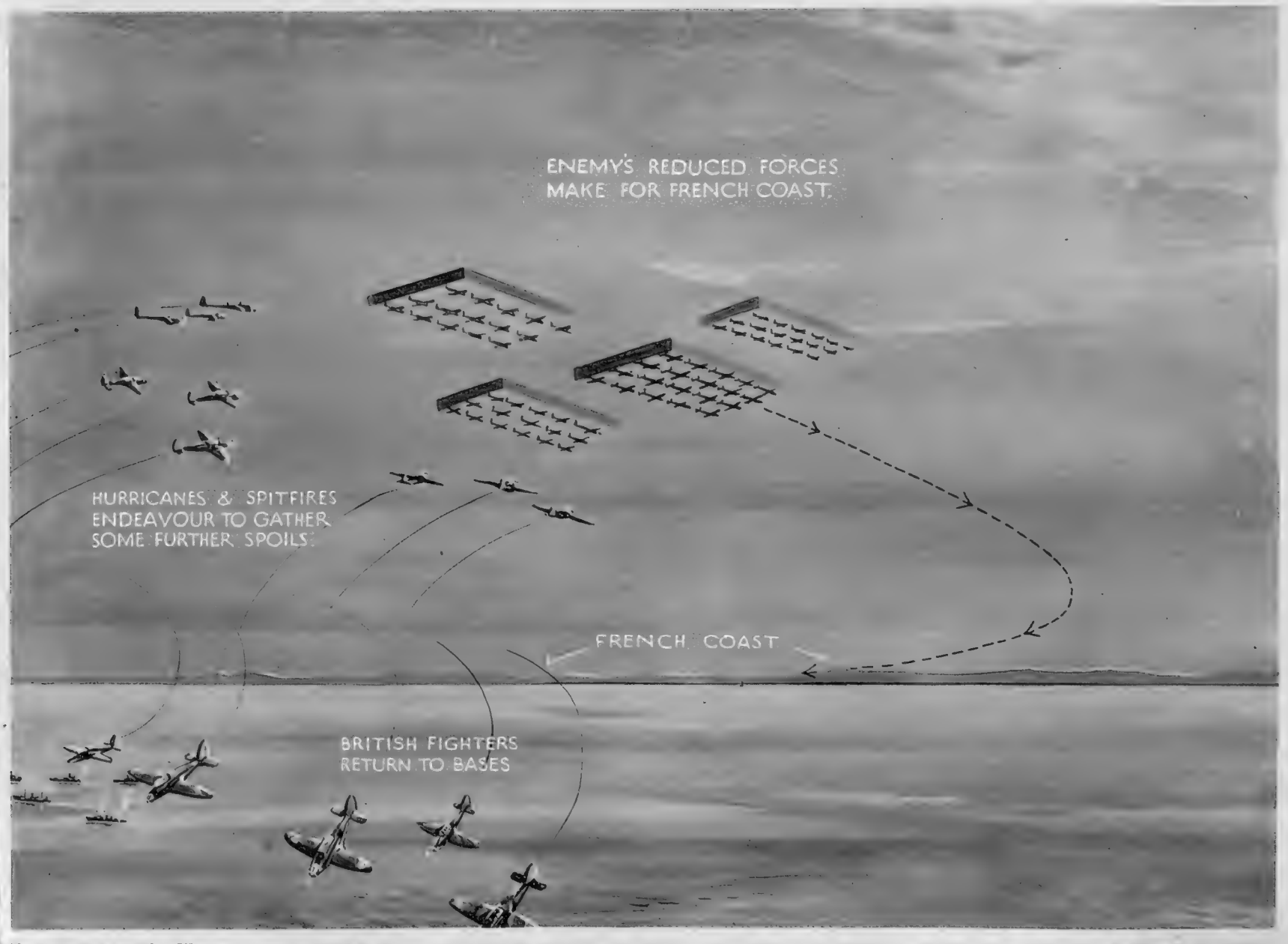
Despite the vastness of the raids which have recently been carried out by the Germans here, and by our own R.A.F. over Germany and Italy, it still remains to be seen whether Air Power can wield a really decisive influence in modern warfare.

Many of our readers, hearing of accounts of Battles in the Air, must have wondered at the technique of the Mass Attack: it is this natural desire that we have set out to satisfy in the series of diagrams presented here. The larger Strategy and Theory which will be built up as the result of the lessons learned in the present war we must leave to the Historians and Technicians of the Near Future!



4. THE DIVE-BOMBING ATTACK DEVELOPS—WHILST A GENERAL DOG-FIGHT ENSUES AMONGST THE FIGHTERS

The dive-bombers are now carrying out the functions for which they were intended. "Peeling off" from their tight packed formations they are swooping down on the helpless merchantmen below: certain remnants of the fighter formations are protecting them, whilst the rest of their companions are heavily engaged with the Hurricanes. On both sides, team work is carried out where possible—but largely it is a case of everyone for himself: and it is here that "morale" largely enters into the conflict. It is useful to note the relative heights of the various phases of this action as given by the scale on the right



5. THE FINAL PHASE: THE SADLY DEPLETED ENEMY, HAVING RE-FORMED HIS RANKS, MAKES OFF TOWARDS THE FRENCH COAST AND THE PROTECTION OF HIS SHORE BATTERIES

In some of the engagements along the South Coast the enemy has employed surprisingly large forces: on one recorded occasion, for instance, fifty bombers appeared off the Kentish coast with an escort of 150 fighters stretched out behind and above them, thirty at a time, to a height of nearly five miles. (On this particular occasion seventeen of the enemy were destroyed.) The usual height at which the invaders fly is 20,000 ft., but patrols numbering thirty-six Messerschmitts have been encountered as high up as 30,000 ft. to 35,000 ft. The Junkers 87 dive-bombers attack in threes, most often; when they get down to 2,000 ft. they release their bombs in salvos. After their fighter escorts have been mastered, however, the order for the return is given: the enemy then re-forms his battered ranks as well as he can and makes off for home. The Hurricanes, too, have to break off as perhaps ammunition or petrol, or both, are exhausted; but as the fighters come in, others come out to chase and harry the defeated enemy right to his very doorstep

The BRITISH CAMPAIGN in LIBYA

Pictures taken by British Paramount News of the Capture of the Italian Fort Maddalena

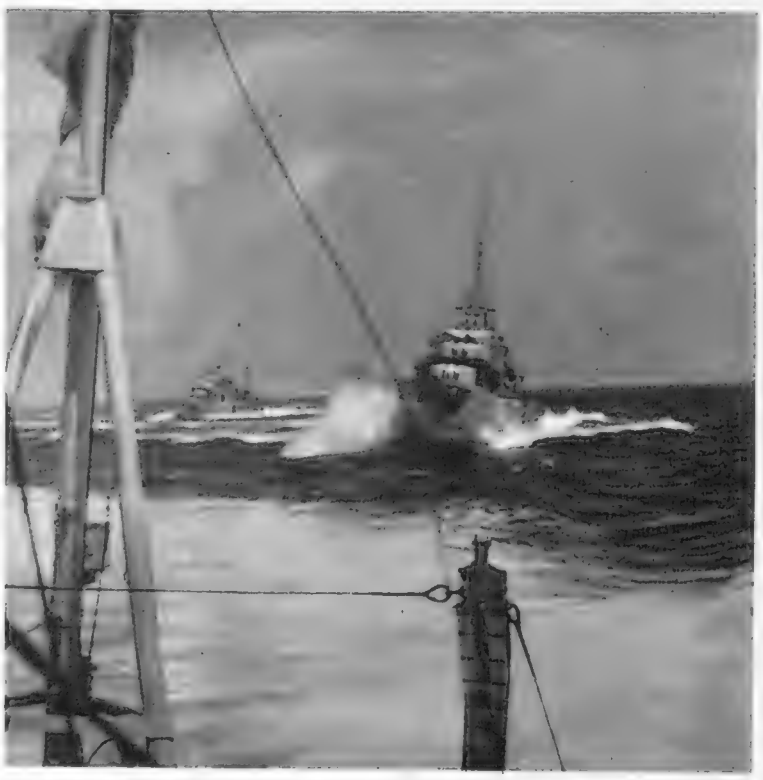
BRITISH ARMOURED CARS MOVE IN TO OCCUPY FORT MADDALENA AFTER ITS SURRENDER BY THE ITALIANS: This desert stronghold lies behind the famous wire defences which the Italians erected for a distance of some hundreds of miles along the border between Egypt and Libya, to the south of Fort Capuzzo. The latter fort, incidentally, has now been captured, too. British troops in these operations penetrated far into Libya, inflicting heavy losses, capturing enemy posts and war material, and taking many prisoners, some of whom are seen below

THE ITALIANS WAVE THE WHITE FLAG FROM THE TOWER OF THE FORTRESS: During the campaign against Fort Maddalena eight Italian officers and 200 men were made prisoners. When entry was made into the Fort it was found that the water supply had been tampered with

ON THE LIBYAN BATTLEFIELD—BATTERED AND BURNT-OUT ITALIAN MOTORISED VEHICLES: Light armoured cars and light tanks were employed against the Italians, and these co-operated brilliantly with the R.A.F. In places the desert was littered with the wreckage of enemy vehicles such as that shown above. Weather conditions in this part of the world are such that tanks and closed-in vehicles generally quickly become almost untenable

A CAPTURED ITALIAN LIGHT TANK: This is the type of very small armoured vehicle used by the enemy: a number of these—which must have been difficult to operate over the sandy wastes of Libya—were captured during the advance from Egypt, as well as a considerable quantity of light anti-tank guns and ammunition in perfect condition

Above—**CAPTURED ITALIAN NATIVE TROOPS BEING MARCHED OFF UNDER ESCORT:** Many different types of natives are being employed in the Italian Colonial Army: here are a few of the men captured during the advance on Fort Maddalena



On right—**A PICTURE BY A MOVIE-TONE-GAUMONT NEWSREEL CAMERAMAN,** showing cruisers and destroyers of the Mediterranean Fleet bombarding the Libyan port of Bardia, the base for the Fortresses of Capuzzo and Maddalena. No reply was received from the shore batteries during this operation, which was in support of the land campaign

A gateway leading to the tomb of the Emperor Tu Duc, near Hué. It has a triple pagoda-like roof and lattice windows of pierced stone. The tomb is still regarded as a shrine

MEMORIALS OF THE OLD IMPERIAL CHINA IN ANNAM, PART OF FRENCH INDO-CHINA

A roadside shrine on the road between Hué and the Imperial tomb shown on the left. The roads of Annam are dotted with these attractively designed shrines. A little bridge leads over a stream of water in the foreground

IN THREATENED INDO-CHINA

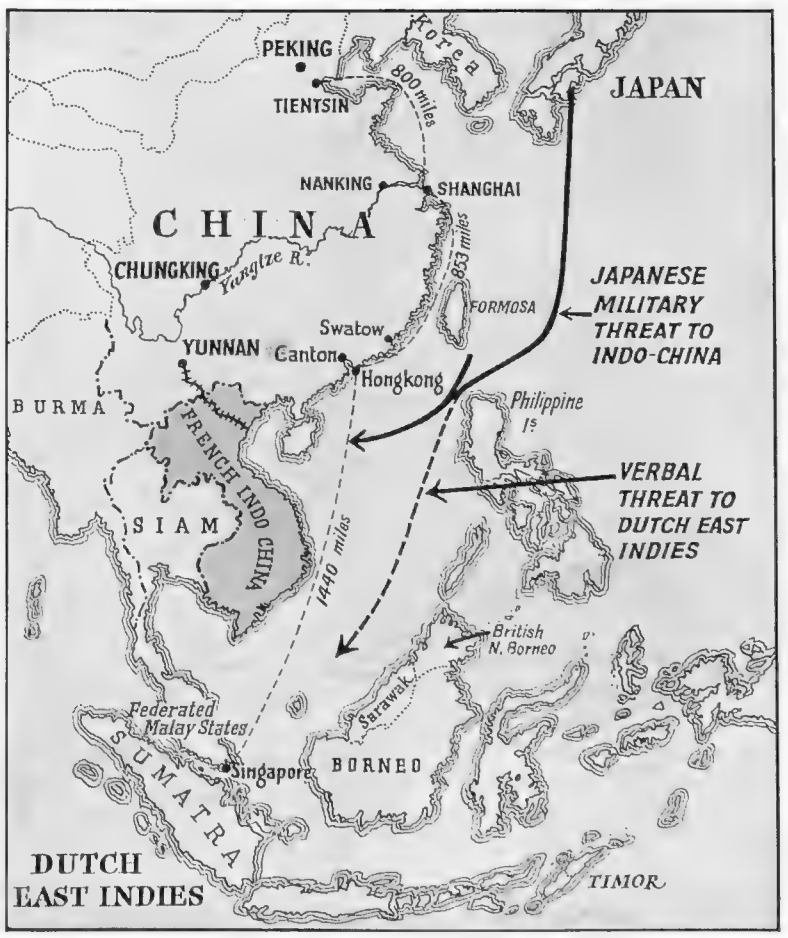
Once Ruled by China, These Far Eastern Possessions of Republican France are now in a Precarious State Owing to Their Position in the Sino-Japanese Struggle

WHEN Marshal Pétain signed the armistice terms with Germany and Italy he seems to have been under some delusion that the French colonial Empire would be left in undisturbed peace. M. Baudouin stated that Germany had not raised the colonial question and all that Italy had asked was the disarmament of all bases menacing Libya. Japan, however, thought at once that French Indo-China fell within her scope of influence, now that the colony was isolated and no longer able to be backed by what was once thought to be a great and powerful empire.

It appears that Japan considered the possibility of re-incorporating Indo-China into the Chinese Empire under the pro-Japanese Government of the puppet Mr. Wang.

The first reaction in Indo-China to the stunning blow of the capitulation of France was for continued resistance. General Catroux, the Governor, asserted boldly that he would never lower the flag, and there was a demonstration outside the British Consulate asking for union with Britain. But later orders came from the Pétain Government, profuse in their commands to their distant possessions which they were totally incapable of assisting. General Catroux, considered to be too independent, was recalled and Admiral Decoux sent to take his place as Governor.

Pressure was put upon Indo-China by Japan to stop all military supplies to China, such war material having, according to the Japanese authorities, been the main cause of the continuance of the long and costly war. France has maintained an army of about 300,000 native troops, a small naval squadron has been stationed in the Far East, supported by a good submarine fleet. There is a deficiency of planes, but it is thought that 300 planes from America, arrived en route for China, may have been retained. In spite of this, Admiral Decoux, doubtless under orders from Vichy, has submitted to the Japanese demands and has closed the frontiers to the transit of goods to China. He has also had to allow Japanese inspectors to enter the country to see that the French carry out their promises. They have taken the opportunity to make a very thorough survey of the military and economic conditions in Indo-China, while Japanese warships have appeared off Haiphong to superintend the fulfilment of the French agreement.



A LATENT STORM AREA OF THE SOUTH CHINA SEA: The area into which the arrows are pointing is charged with imminent possibilities of military and political strife. Japan has announced her "desires" to the existing French Government of Indo-China regarding the railway traffic to Yunnan, the Dutch East Indies have been declared to be within the interests of Japan, and military movements have necessitated the strengthening of Hong Kong's defences

The indignation of China has been great, both with Japan and France. Indo-China was bound by the convention of 1930 to keep the road into China open to international trade, and now she has yielded to the enemy. If Japan should attempt an armed invasion in Indo-China, then the Chinese Government will resist. Large forces of troops have been massed along the Chinese frontier, in Yunnan, though it is not credited that Japan will be able to make any essential advance across the frontier. This is now guarded by ten divisions of Chinese troops ready to strike if Japan should be led into doing more than stopping the supply of war material.

In the meantime Japan continues her demands, which are said to be for naval and air bases. She particularly wants bases at Haiphong, certain places in the interior, and the use of the Yunnan railway. If these are granted Japan would have a very firm grip upon Indo-China, resembling that of Russia over the Baltic provinces before the recent incorporation into the Soviet Union.

Admiral Decoux is said to be stiffening in his attitude to the increasing Japanese pressure. He would not allow an unlimited number of Japanese sailors to land at Haiphong, and has promised the Chinese to permit the transport of non-military goods as soon as it can be arranged. He is also reported to have countermanded the order for the demobilisation of the troops. All news concerning Indo-China comes via Hong Kong, Singapore or Tokyo, scarcely anything direct from Indo-China, with the result that it has nothing official about it, and consists largely of reports from Chinese or Japanese sources.

The occupation of French Indo-China by France dates from the time of Napoleon III.

IN THREATENED INDO-CHINA: A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF THE FOUR PROVINCES

HANOI, THE CAPITAL OF TONGKING, has a number of well-built structures designed after the native style. The octagonal entrance to the Museum is shown above

SAIGON, THE CAPITAL OF COCHIN-CHINA, is a pleasant city, with up-to-date western features. Here is a typical boulevard. *Below* is a scene far removed from Saigon; at a native restaurant in the Laos country at Maung Sing

The Storm Area around the Gulf of Tongking and the South China Sea: French Indo-China has consisted of Tongking, Annam, Cambodia, and Cochin-China. Hanoi, Hué, and Saigon, the three principal capitals, have been fairly well known names to the general public, but have not often been visited by British tourists. They have missed much that is very attractive, and at Saigon, much that was sophisticated. Distances are considerable.

On the whole, no French colony has been more progressive than Indo-China. Few, if any, have been more contented. During the Great War it furnished some 200,000 men as well as money for the home country. This Far Eastern possession of France consists of the colony of Cochin-China, whose capital is Saigon, of four protectorates, Tongking, Annam, Cambodia, and Laos, and a leased territory—Kwang-Chow-Wan. The latter is a peninsula in Southern China opposite the large island of Hainan, which commands the coast of Tongking.

The total area of these countries is almost 500,000 sq. miles, and the population is nearly 24,000,000, of whom, however, less than 50,000 are Europeans. Cochin-China is a flat land, the delta of the Mekong river. It has a tropical climate and the population is almost exclusively composed of Annamese.

Tongking, which adjoins the Chinese province of Yunnan, is divided into two distinct parts: the low-lying and thickly populated delta of the Red River, where the conditions of life are much the same as in Cochin-China, and the hilly and mountainous regions to the north and west. There is the railway line from Hanoi, the capital of Tongking, to Kumming or Yunnanfu in Chinese Yunnan. A trip along this route over deep gorges and strangely-shaped mountains to the heart of one of the least known parts of China is one of the more unusual adventures in travel. Off the coast of Tongking lies the famous Bay of Along, dotted with thousands of precipitous and fantastically formed islets and islands. It is one of the world's show places.

Annam, a long strip of territory along the coast, is a living image of old Imperial China. The descendant of the old Annamese emperors still reigns here, even if he does not govern. Hué, the capital, which has been called the Versailles and Venice of the East, is built on the banks of the "River of Perfume." The tombs of the former emperors are an Annamese edition of the Imperial tombs of Peiping and Nanking.

Cambodia is a land of a different culture. Here we leave the Chinese influence and enter a realm which was civilised from India. The Khmers, who have now disappeared as a separate people, left behind them mighty monuments, the most impressive of which is the great temple of Angkor. It is the best preserved example of Khmer architecture and one of the most grandiose buildings in the world. It was consecrated to the worship of Buddha.

Until after the World War the exceptional beauty and attractions of this far-flung French eastern possession were practically unknown to the non-French traveller. In the last few years, however, much has been done to open up the country. There are more than 6,000 miles of excellent roads and the number of motor cars exceeds 30,000. The most famous of the roads is the picturesque Mandarin Way which runs from the Gate of China to the Siamese frontier, a distance

FANTASTIC ISLANDS STAND AS GUARDIANS OUTSIDE HAIPHONG: To the north-east of the port of Tongking lies a group of the most astounding islands to be seen in the Far East. They are

A GORGE ON THE RAILWAY TO YUNNAN: The railway does the most extraordinary things in the way of leaping gorges and driving through lofty hills with vertical sides

of 1,600 miles. By means of this road thousands of tons of military supplies have been smuggled into China. The principal cities are also connected by railway. The Hänoi-Yunnan line is 500 miles long and the great Trans-Indo-China line which enables one to do the journey from Saigon to Hanoi, or the whole length of Indo-China, in a little over twenty-four hours, has a length of 1,100 miles.

Saigon, the capital of Cochin-China, is to-day a great centre of trade, and an object lesson of the way in which the best of western civilisation may blend with and adapt itself to that of the ancient east. Its hotels and restaurants remind one of some of the most noted in Europe. Though forty miles from the sea, it has a harbour of commercial and naval importance and fairly extensive ship-building yards.

Rice is the staple food of the natives, its cultivation their chief occupation, and new methods of irrigation are extending the industry. The yearly export of rice from French Indo-China is about 1,800,000 tons, in addition to 500,000 tons of maize, 4,000 tons of pepper, 1,400 tons of tea and 50,000 tons of rubber. Cotton is also grown as well as sugar-cane, coffee, tobacco, ground nuts and other produce. The country is rich in minerals, over £1,000,000 worth of cement, coal, tin, zinc and tungsten being exported annually. There is manifestly a great future for French Indo-China.

H. J. Shepstone

THE RICH FOLIAGE OF TONGKINGESE SCENERY: In the northern province the scenery is often very luxuriant, with masses of palms and bamboos, together with trees providing rare woods for cabinet making. This lake at Backan, north of Hanoi the capital, is typical

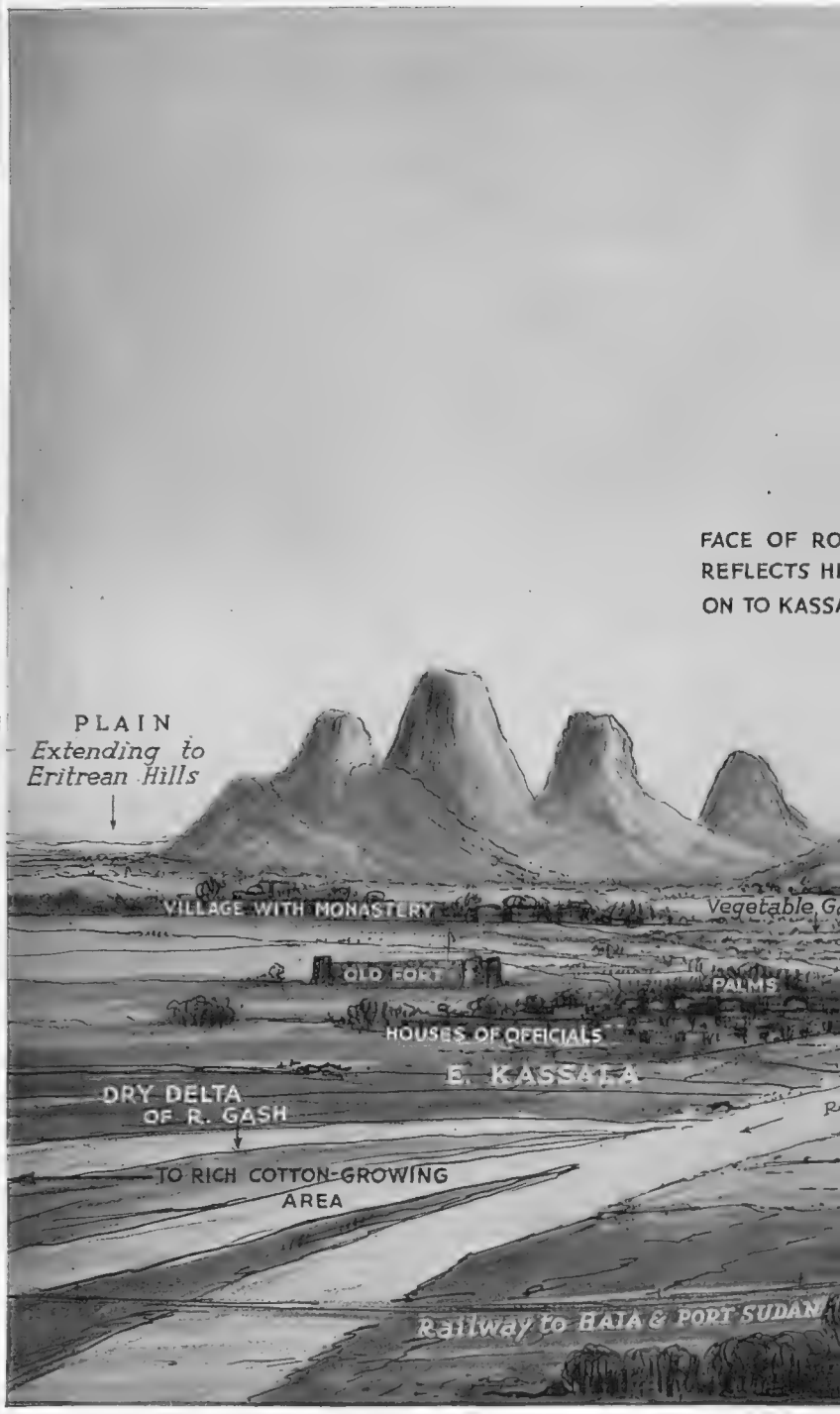
the Along Islands; many of them rise sheer from the water like the pinnacle shown above. The cliffs are nearly vertical and are deeply cavernous. Some good anchorages are to be found among this group of islands

LOOKING FROM OCCUPIED HAINAN ISLAND TO CHINA along the track of the Hanoi-Yunnan railway. In the foreground is Hainan Island, recently occupied by the Japanese. Opposite on the mainland is Haiphong, the rail terminus and port through which munitions to China have been proceeding. Another railway line leads away to Nanning. This city fell to the Japanese attack last November

KASSALA: The Most Dramatically Picturesque Spot in the Whole Sudan

CLOSE TO THE GREAT SCREES OF JEBEL KASSALA: From the towering cliffs of Jebel Kassala fall huge slopes of scree; at their feet lies a native village, sheltered by Dom palms, and where an old monk welcomes rare visitors at the door of an ancient monastery

ON THE PLAIN BY THE JEBEL: The great domes of black granite present an astonishing appearance as they rise above the sloping scree, which some Italian outposts have climbed in order to watch British movements

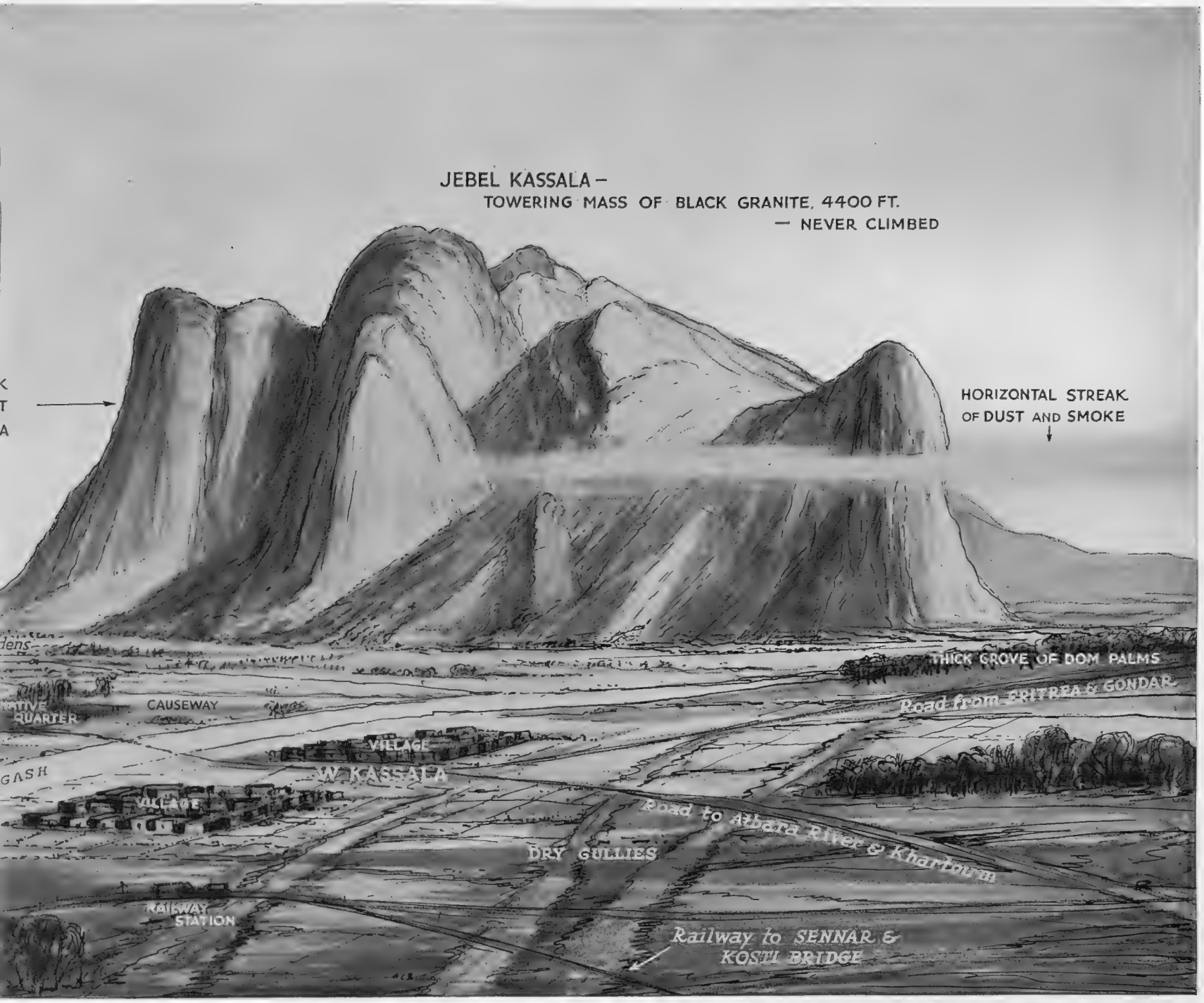


HOW JEBEL KASSALA TOWERS OVER THE TOWN AND STATION BY THE RIVER GASH

THE loss of Kassala to the Italians has been referred to as a minor incident of no importance, which is true so far as it refers to the final result of the war and the general settlement of frontiers. Kassala is really a place of some note, not only on account of its position but also as the centre of a thriving cotton industry; in my view, it is one of the most fascinating spots in the Sudan.

The town of Kassala is located at a point where the Gash, a river rising in the Eritrean Hills to the south, debouches on to a broad plain which is annually fertilised and watered by a series of floods in the rainy season. Except during rains in the hills the Gash is merely a dry, sandy river course in the wide flat bed of which water is plentiful at no great depth for some distance above and below Kassala. Up stream the width contracts

IN THE SUK OF KASSALA BELOW THE TOWERING JEBEL: It is said of the rock formation on the right of the picture that on it grows a shrub, right at the top, and whoever can climb to the summit and pluck a twig from it, will gain everlasting life. The ascent is precipitous, however; and no one has yet won this great prize! *On left*—A Hadendoa, the "Fuzzy-Wuzzy" of Kipling. No finer fighting men can be found than these denizens of the arid, rocky hills on the Eritrean border. There are a number of them in that crack *corps d'Elite*, the "Eastern Arab Corps" of the Sudan Defence Force. It is these men and other "Fuzzy" tribes in the Sudan Defence Force who have put up such a magnificent opposition to the Italian attack on the eastern fringe of the Sudan and accounted for so many of the Italian soldiers



Drawn by Percy Home from material supplied by A. Beeby Thompson

eavy forces against the small Anglo-Sudanese frontier post holding Kassala. It is not perhaps the southern Sudan how dramatic the setting of some of these stations can be. There are plain along the Eritrean frontier, but none is so dramatic in its majestic isolation as Jebel ,000 ft., and as one approaches by road from Khartoum it looks as if Gibraltar had got loose and vn, with its official residences at one end, lies on the eastern side of the River Gash; on the western ere. The road crosses the sandy bed of the Gash on a causeway in order to ensure better going. ut of action, as all trucks and carriages have been removed) is indicated in the foreground

and it is fringed with a beautiful forest of Dom palms which afford a pleasing shade in contrast with the country round, where only a sparse scrub exists. Down stream the channel divides and the course of the flood is liable to run in any direction over a wide expanse which at some time has been flooded. The flood waters not only bring down water but also a highly fertile silt which spreads over this dry delta, and so rich and so retentive of moisture is this silt that a rank vegetation flourishes and healthy cotton crops can be grown without the addition of rain or artificial watering.

The trouble has always been to know where the flood would run each year, and until training works were undertaken to direct and regulate the water, no orderly cultivation could be arranged. Uncontrolled, the flood spreads about a great fan-shaped area in one or more streams where by deposits it raises the level above the surrounding ground. The succession of flushes aggregate in a normal year about 100,000,000 to 300,000,000 cubic metres of water which sinks into the ground. Those strips which receive water developed a thick growth of giant tamarisks which give welcome shade to men and cattle who drive their animals into the forests for water. There remains only a cemetery of skeletons in a desert of silt over which sand devils course in scores across the hot ground carrying a whirling column of silt thousands of feet into the air.

Kassala itself, though perhaps the most picturesque spot in the whole Sudan, is a real dust bowl and furnace, for a few miles from the town rises a great granite *massif* to 4,400 ft., sugar loaf in shape, which reflects heat all day and radiates absorbed heat all night. Around the Jebel, which has never been climbed, are clusters of Dom palms creating a vista of superb magnificence. Night and morning when the air is calm, long streaks of dust and smoke are supported and held in horizontal layers of fog which encircle the mountain and produce translucent clouds, above and below which the air is relatively clear causing the mountain tops and base to be clearly visible.

Kassala itself is an unusually animated market town owing to the many crops grown in the dry delta and the trade with Eritrea and Abyssinia. Before its value was appreciated as a potential cotton-growing area, the Italians very considerately handed it over to us in 1897 after their great defeat by the Abyssinians. The Old Italian Fort with its drawbridge, and upon which the Italian Coat of Arms was never defaced, is still intact so that it must give the invaders peculiar satisfaction to observe this record of their past occupation. The British used this fort as a gaol.

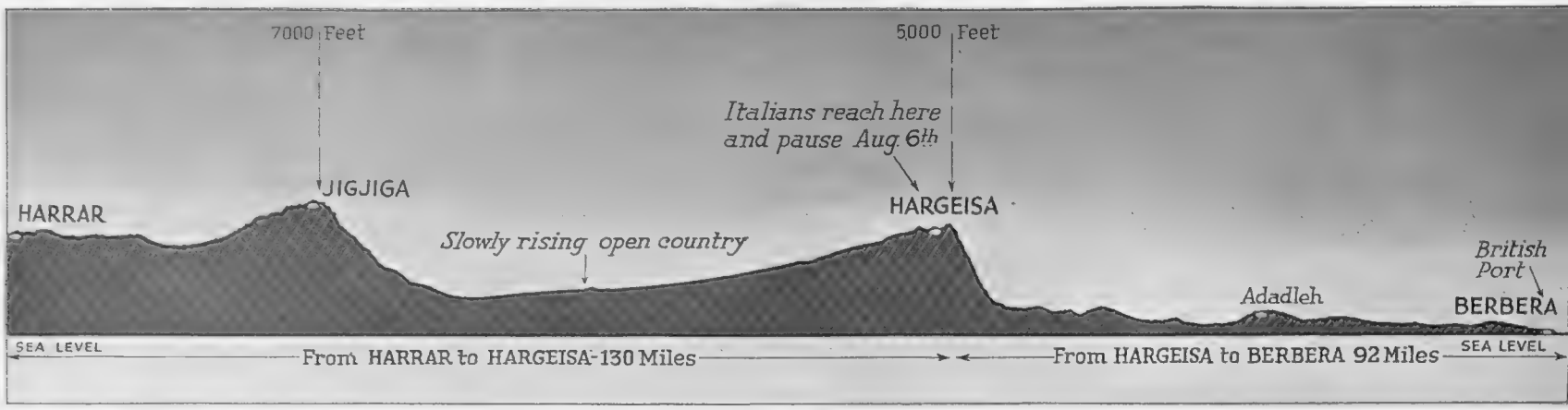
With an ample supply of water at all times of the year, the gardens of the official bungalows are very attractive, and much fruit and many vegetables are grown by well-irrigation on the flood plain of the Gash between the town and the Jebel. Just before the rains come, Kassala is periodically visited by the most terrible dust storms which, whilst they last, blacken the sky and envelop everything and everybody in dirty silt, leaving persons and residences in a filthy state after these visitations.

Works of considerable magnitude were undertaken first by the Kassala Cotton Co., under licence from the Government, and later by the Government itself when the Company transferred its activities exclusively to the Gesira. Ample food crops are also grown about the region.

A. Beeby Thompson

WHERE SHADE AND A COOL SIESTA IS SOUGHT: Up river from Kassala town there are big groves of Dom palms near the river. Here one can enjoy picnic meals in relative coolness. *Below*—A group of natives drawing water from a well in the bed of the Gash river: Jebel range in the background

FIGHTING ON THE GREAT SCARP OF BRITISH



HOW THE ITALIANS WERE ABLE TO REACH HARGEISA IN EASY FASHION

This sectional view shows how, from the higher ground of Harrar and Jigjiga, the going towards the Great Fault is easy, the scrub country rising in gentle slopes. On nearing the summit a jumble of abrupt hills and gullies is encountered with only steep ways down to the coastal plain

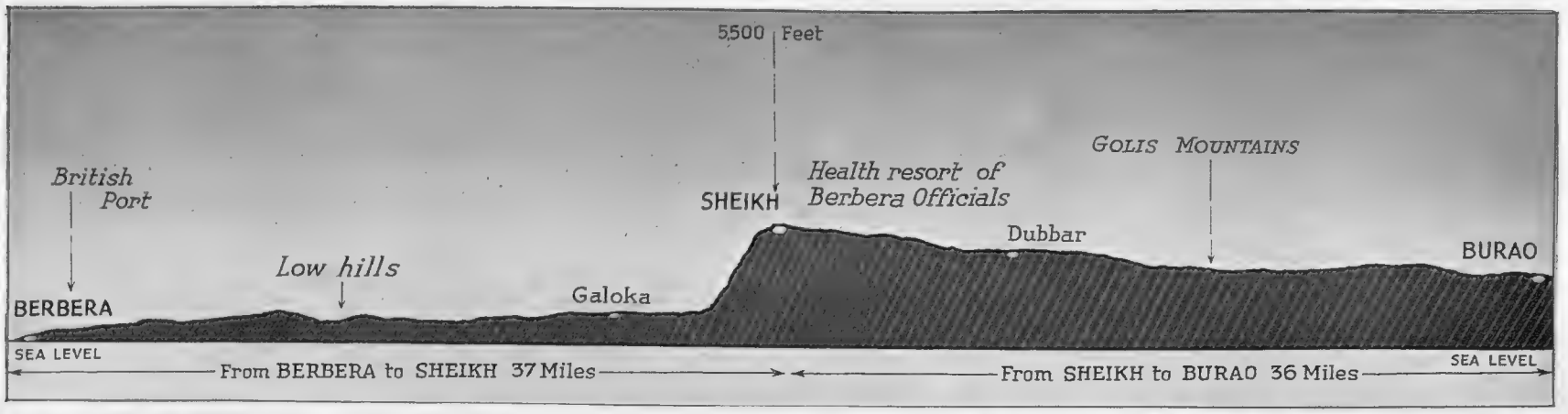
A DISTANT VIEW OF THE SCARP SEEN FROM EIGHT MILES SOUTH OF BERBERA

A good impression of the country to the south of Berbera. Behind the two camels is a portion of the plateau ridge or scarp. This little group is a familiar sight; the nomads' movable home is carried on the two camels; the wife walks beside the second; the child travels on the donkey

WATER IS A VITAL QUESTION HERE AS ON THE LIBYAN FRONTIER

Here is a typical water hole in the Somali plateau country. Thousands of goats are to be found all over the country. They provide the goatskin which has a high reputation for glove making in the European market. The amount of water extracted from any well at one visit is very considerable. A large number of artesian wells have been sunk by the British authorities to supplement the native wells

SOMALILAND : First Pictures and Diagrams Illustrating the Military Aspects of the Huge Geologic Fault which is Responsible for the Country's Configuration

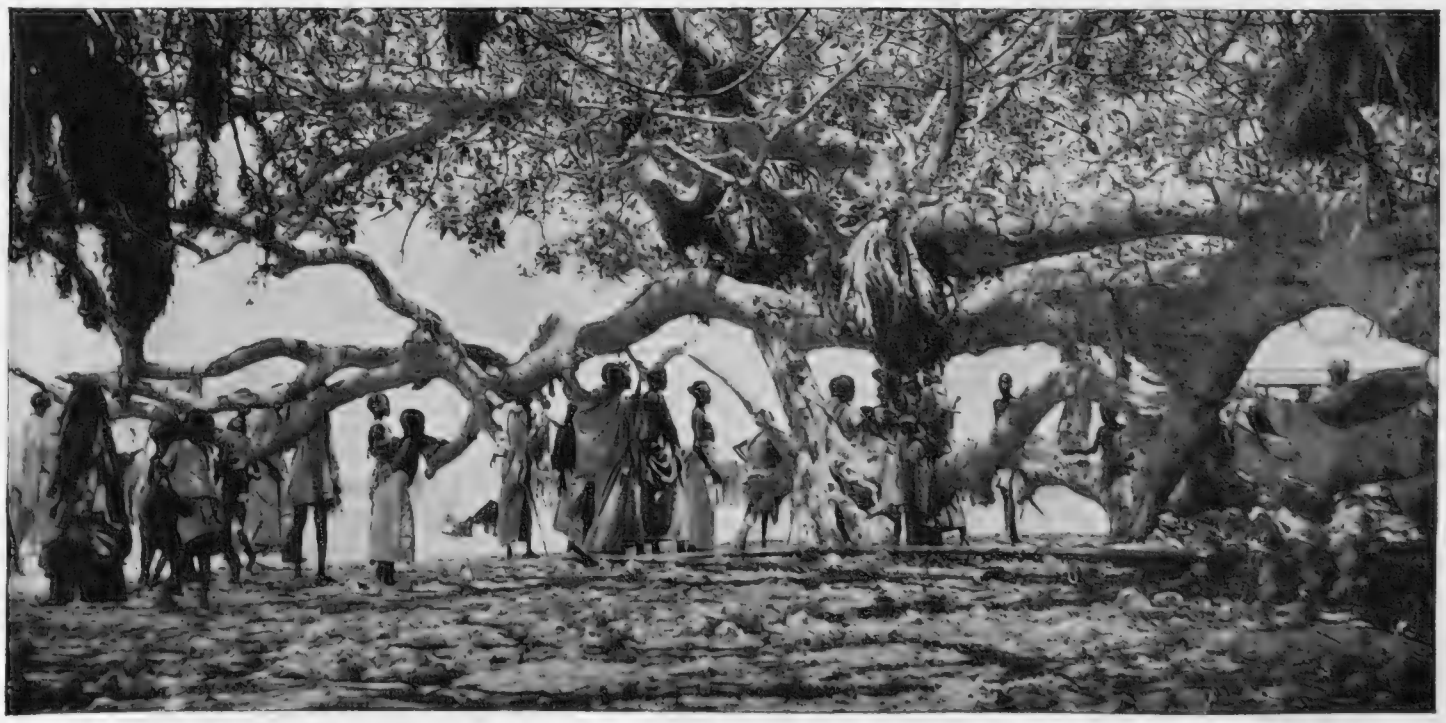


WHERE ONE OF THE CHIEF ROADS CROSSING THE SCARP DESCENDS TO THE PLAIN: Eastward of Hargeisa is a second main road, the one leading from Burao to Berbera by way of Sheikh. At this point the road descends by violent hairpin turns down to Galoka and so to Berbera, a distance of 37 miles from Sheikh, the charming wooded health resort of the Berbera officials. This road hits the coast road westward of Berbera. The country on the level of the sea is naturally a very hot spot

HOW THE DESCENT IS MADE FROM THE HIGH PLATEAU OF BRITISH SOMALILAND: At Hargeisa the road descends in sweeping curves round the sides of a bowl-like hollow on the north side of the scarp. Hills rising to 4,000 ft. project northwards at this point. It was in this area that the combined Oadweina and Hargeisa Italian columns attacked positions exactly where expected. The attacks were repulsed with loss to the enemy. Zeila has been bombed by the R.A.F. since its occupation by the Italians

THE PRECIPITOUS NATURE OF THE SOMALILAND CLIFFS is clearly shown here in this mass of conglomerate rock. It provides safe lairs for leopards, who share the hills with thousands of baboons; it is extremely difficult and dangerous country to penetrate on foot or by motor vehicle

After pausing at the summit of the scarp at Hargeisa, two Italian columns, which had coalesced, attacked British positions at the Tugargan Pass close to the Hargeisa position, shown in the bird's-eye view given above. This attack took place exactly at the point expected and provided for in July of last year. The fighting—attack and counter-attack—was very intense towards the evening of Sunday, August 11, when the enemy were repulsed



On right—**A PLACE FOR CONVERSATION AND GATHERING NEWS AS WELL AS WATERING THE FLOCKS:** Under the shadow of an enormous banyan tree an abundance of sweet water is to be found—it collects in gypsum caverns. This particular tree lies on the Burao-Erigavo road. In the dry season vast herds of animals gather at the spot

BRITISH—This particular MOTOR TORPEDO BOAT was the one used by the King during his recent inspection of an East Coast port. Craft of this description have been very much in the news of late; they have been countering the activities of the German E-boats, which have been attacking Channel convoys, and have themselves been carrying out offensive patrols in enemy waters. One very dramatic Admiralty communiqué has indicated that these fast craft do not even hesitate to ram enemy ships; in this case, despite such a drastic measure, our M.T.B. was able to return safely. This speaks highly for the sturdy nature of their construction!

The MOTOR TORPEDO BOAT in WAR

How This Type of Craft Has Been Developed, and Its Functions in War-time

Described by F. BOWEN

THE remarkable accounts published by the German Propaganda Department concerning the achievements of German motor torpedo boats are, of course, very grossly exaggerated, and as this is fully realised there is a natural tendency to belittle the possibilities of these mosquito craft, particularly since their prowess was so belauded by the Italian Navy before Italy came into the war, and their attainments since have been so small. On the other hand, the British Ministry of Information was content with a very curtly worded paragraph concerning the work of the British motor torpedo boats in the Zuyder Zee before the collapse of Holland, and has said very little about them since, although they are known to have been very active all round the coast.

When the locomotive torpedo replaced the old spar torpedo in the '70's, permitting the weapon to be fired at a distance instead of being pushed against the ship's side on the end of a pole, the torpedo boats were little more than launches, which could only be used on a dark night and in a flat calm, but although the size of the torpedo boat proper increased steadily until she was a sea-going vessel with a length of 140 ft. or more, and was finally replaced in her functions by the still bigger destroyer, there were many who clung to the idea of a small torpedo launch for night operations in narrow waters, and until the beginning of the late war most of the picket boats and many of the smaller steam launches of the Fleet were fitted with torpedo dropping gear—two pairs of tongs suspended over each side—instead of torpedo tubes.

They proved themselves quite useless, as most naval officers had expected them to be, but those who had first suggested that an adaptation of the racing motor boat would be far more useful than the steam launch still clung to their opinion in spite of Admiralty discouragement.

It was in the summer of 1915 that three junior officers of the Harwich Force, commanded by Commodore Tyrwhitt who always believed in giving careful consideration to any new idea, put forward the suggestion that small motor torpedo boats would be sufficiently shallow to pass over the German minefields and would be able to attack the naval bases in Germany and on the Flanders coast with their torpedoes. It was admitted that they would be very vulnerable to the lightest of shells, but there would be no lack of officers and ratings who were willing to take the risk. Their idea was for a hydroplane or skimming motor boat, capable of at least 30 knots speed, carrying an 18-in. torpedo.

This scheme went forward with the backing of their chief and it was certainly largely due to his influence that the Admiralty consented to their being given a trial. Messrs. John I. Thornycroft and Co. were called into consultation and they immediately saw the possibilities of the idea. More than that, they had a very suitable design as a basis in the pre-war racing hydroplane *Miranda IV*, in which the veteran Sir John Thornycroft had won a number of motor-boat races shortly before the war, contriving a speed of 35 knots and more and having excellent sea-going qualities considering her lightness and size. She was used as a nucleus for the design and twelve boats were ordered, 40-footers with an average speed of 33½ knots, their loaded displacement being 4½ tons and their petrol tanks sufficient to take them 160 miles. Two officers and a petty officer mechanic made up the crew of each boat and in the R.N.V.R. there was no lack of suitable officers and mechanics who had practical experience in racing.

GERMAN — The E-BOAT, or Motor Torpedo Boat, has been fully pictured and described in the August 10 issue of the "Sphere." It is the enemy's counterpart to our own M.T.B and to the Italian Navy's similar craft. It can hardly be doubted but that this type of sea-going motor boat will come more and more into prominence as the war becomes intensified in the Channel and North Sea

In addition to their experience in designing, building and racing motor boats, Thornycrofts also knew all there was to be known about torpedo work, for they had built the pioneer British torpedo boat *Lightning*, in 1877, and had been in the forefront of that branch of shipbuilding ever since. One of their greatest difficulties in designing the motor torpedo boat, or the coastal motor boat as she was first called in order to prevent any premature suggestion of the scheme reaching the enemy, was to find a really satisfactory method of discharging the torpedo and in collaboration with the experts from H.M. Torpedo Schoolship, *Vernon*, they evolved gear for ejecting it stern foremost over the stern of the boat; she had to dodge out of the way before the screws of the torpedo got a grip of the water and shot it forward, but it was found that the method permitted very satisfactory accuracy of aim. The boats could also carry a number of depth charges instead of the torpedo when they were sent out against submarines.

The original idea was that they should be carried to sea in cruisers in order to save their fuel and dropped when they approached the enemy bases, but this was abandoned and most of the boats were sent down to join the Dover Patrol where the distances were well within their radius of action. There they proved quite useful and further boats were built with a length of 55 ft. and finally 70 ft. They torpedoed German destroyers, took a gallant part in the Zeebrugge Raid and, after the war, did particularly dashing work against the Soviet battleships in the Baltic. In the meantime the Italians had taken to the idea with enthusiasm and, in contrast to the poor showing of their Navy as a whole, they accounted for two battleships, a destroyer and a torpedo boat. The Germans were not enthusiastic, although they built a few fast motor boats to be run without crews, the warheads of four torpedoes being placed in the bow of the boat which was steered by miles of thin piano wire which turned their twin propeller shafts at varying speed. One blew a hole in Nieuport Pier and one hit the blister of one of H.M. monitors, but in neither case was much harm done.

After the war, unfortunately, the British Admiralty lost interest in the c.m.b.s for several years although many foreign navies showed considerable enthusiasm and Messrs. Thornycroft built a number. Admiralty plans for building new ones of improved design were dropped for the sake of economy and it was not until 1935, at the time of the Abyssinian crisis, that they were revived. At that time Germany was paying great attention both to distantly controlled boats and also motor torpedo boats and this probably had some influence on the British decision.

The first motor torpedo boats built under this revival were conspicuously different from those of the late war. Instead of being rounded below water and above they were remarkably square and to outward appearance the very last vessels to give high speed. The British Power Boat Company built the first to their own design, 60 ft. long with a speed of 35 knots, carrying two torpedoes and eight Lewis guns, and they proved both fast and seaworthy, surprising all authorities by going down to the Mediterranean as a flotilla and putting in a lot of sea time there.

Other firms noted for the construction of fast motor boats were then invited to build boats to their own ideas, the Admiralty reviving its policy in the early days of the destroyer when the yards were allowed to work to their own plans. Several firms accepted the invitation and when war broke out motor torpedo boats of drastically differing lines were being tried by the Navy. One great feature was that they contrived to carry deck torpedo tubes which enabled the torpedoes to be fired straight at the target instead of being dropped stern foremost.

These boats were being tried when war broke out and the Censorship very properly prohibited any information being given concerning their design or performance.

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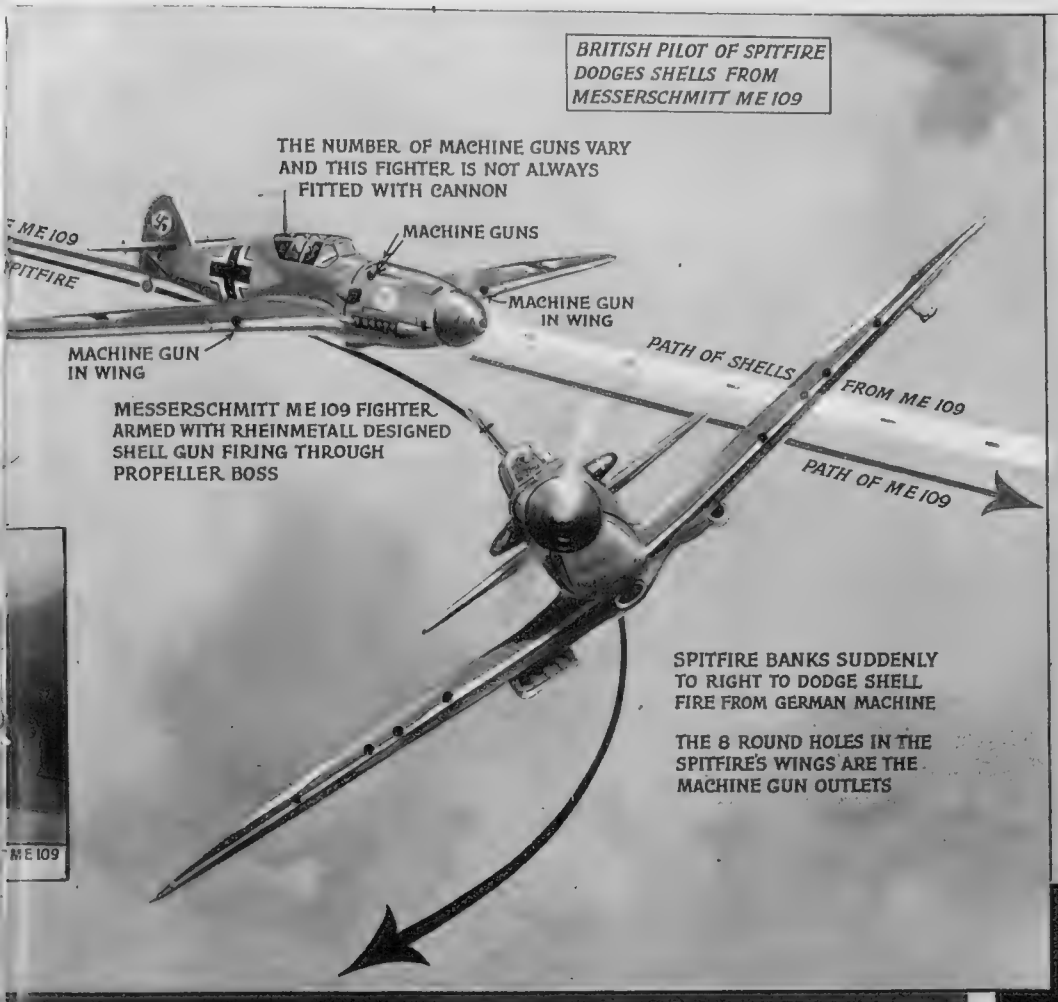
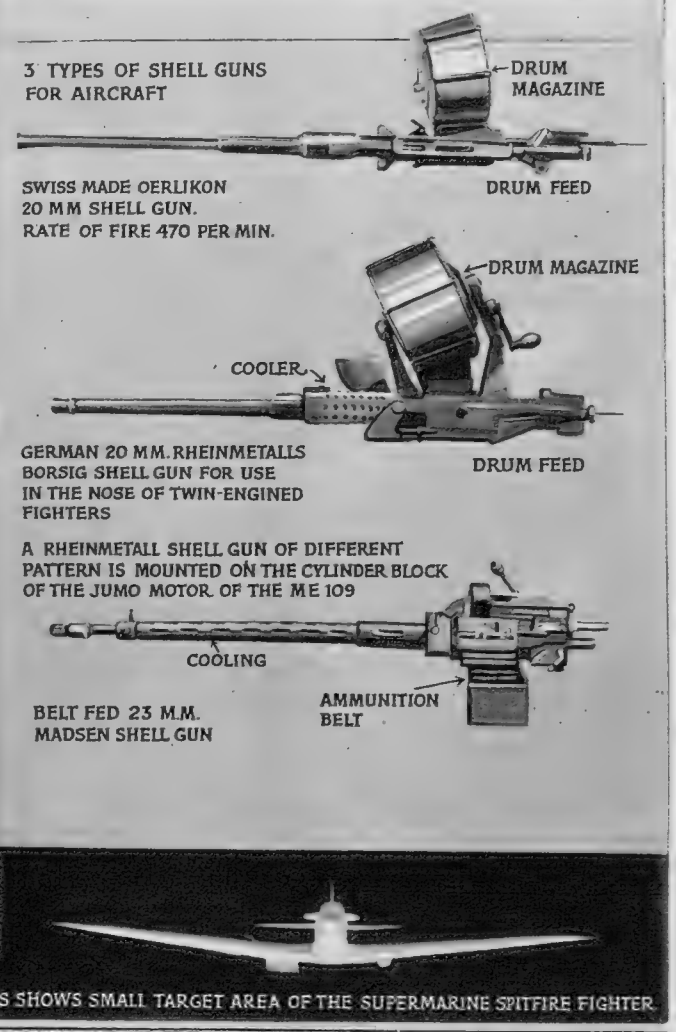




THIS SHOWS SMALL TARGET AREA OF THE SUPERMARINE SPITFIRE FIGHTER

Drawings by Roland Davies

GERMAN SHELL-GUN VERSUS BRITISH MULTIPLE MACHINE-GUNS—A PICTORIAL EXPOSITION OF THE WHOLE PROBLEM AND THE TACTICS INVOLVED

Mention has frequently been made of the "shell guns" used in certain German fighter aircraft; and, in technical circles, considerable discussion has taken place concerning the effectiveness of such armament as opposed to our own idea of eight machine-guns firing simultaneously, as in the Hurricane and Spitfire. The term shell-gun is used to denote an aircraft gun which fires explosive ammunition of a larger calibre than a machine-gun: although the normal ball ammunition machine-gun is most generally used on all types of aircraft, shell-guns are fitted to many German planes, including the Messerschmitt and Heinkel fighters. Similar armament was also used on certain types of French aircraft. On these planes the recoil is taken up by elastic buffers, for gun recoil under such conditions calls for very special attention. Inasmuch as armour plating for pilot and engines is being used more and more in this war, the shell-gun obviously has a big future. Certain armour-piercing shells of 20-mm. calibre can perforate hardened steel plates up to 750 m. (110-120 km. tensile strength). In this country, up to the present, the idea of the shell-gun has not made great headway; despite the considerably greater size of the actual shell as compared with a machine-gun bullet (see bottom left panel) the multiple machine-guns of our fighters have hitherto proved more than a match for the cannon-firing planes—the concentrated fire-power of the eight guns is so effective that it is sufficient to disintegrate an enemy plane in mid-air! It would seem from a survey of the situation as presented above that, to be effective, the enemy pilot must be a dead shot if his single stream of bullets is to take effect: owing, of course, to their admitted superiority in rapid manœuvre British aeroplanes can swerve out of the line of fire more swiftly than the shell-firing aeroplane can follow it. The whole question of shell-gun versus multiple machine-gun is discussed in the series of diagrams above

Judging by Air Ministry communiqués, most of the fighting in North Africa by the R.A.F. has been done in Gloster Gladiators. They would be considered out of date in this part of the world, but they are so manœuvrable that, if well flown, none of the high speed fighters would get near enough to them to shoot. And they are probably the best machines with which to tackle the little Italian fighters, which, against high-speed monoplanes, would use just the same tactics as the Gladiators.

We also hear of Blenheim bombers in North Africa. They are faster than the Savoias but they do not carry the same load. Still they have quite enough range to get to any place which we want to reach with bombs. And as they are manœuvrable enough to be used as long-range fighters they can do a lot of ground-strafing along any route which an Italian invading army is likely to follow.

The invasion of Somaliland seems to have little importance from the air point of view, however much may be said about the disgrace of surrendering a British desert. As a base of attack against Aden, Somaliland cannot be worth much, because anything that starts from there has to be supplied from the main Italian bases in Abyssinia or Eritrea.

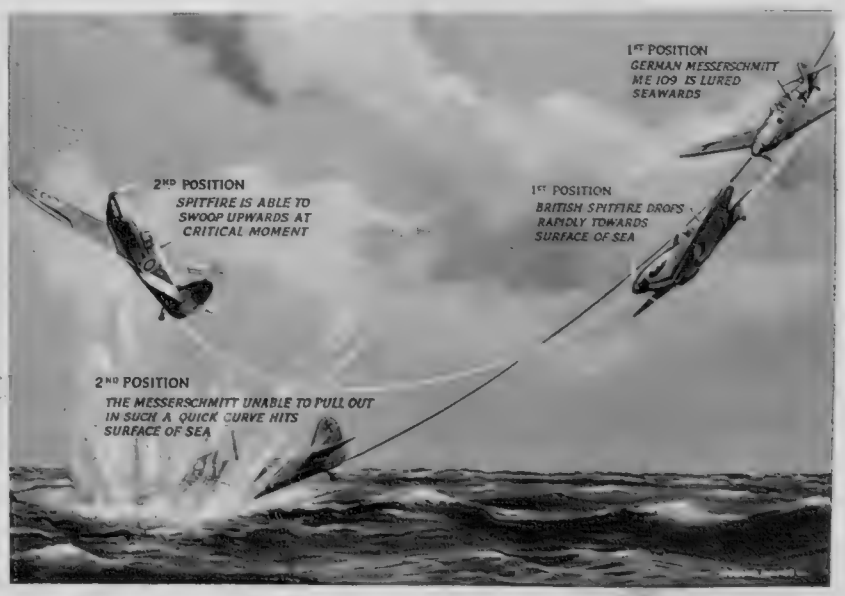
Again judging by Air Ministry communiqués, we have the whole of the South African Air Force in Kenya. Nobody can wish for a tougher crowd of reinforcements.

One of them, Sir Quintin Brand (I think he is an Air Vice-Marshal now, one can never tell in these Air-Force-Listless days) holds one of the most responsible positions in the R.A.F. to-day. Another, Sir Pierre Helperus van Ryneveld, is now Chief of Staff of the South African Army, which includes the Air Force.

A minor irony of Fate is that the South African Air Fleet includes several excellent Junkers twin-motor bombers bought by Mr. Oswald Pirow when he was South African Minister for Defence. So when the Italians think that they are comfortably established in Somaliland things may begin to happen, both from Kenya and Aden. And, anyhow, whatever aeroplanes the Italians have in East Africa is not going to stop either troop transport or supplies from going up the Red Sea. Enough aeroplanes at Aden and adequate gun-power on Perim at the narrows of the Straits should give us all the command we need.

Yet another problem is what the Italians and Germans may do in West Africa. From Libya through French Northern Africa they have a well-organised air route and motor route down to French Equatorial Africa. A notable landing-place for aeroplanes on this route is called Bidon Cinq because it was the fifth water and petrol tank on the motor mail route, one of those places which, like Medicine Hat, have only their names to recommend them.

We have heard a lot about the danger of the Italians and Germans using Dakar as a base against our seaborne traffic to South Africa. We have complete command of the rest of the coast and a better harbour than Dakar at Takoradi (opened, if you remember, by Mr. Jim Thomas, when he was a Member of the British Cabinet). Also there is a good aerodrome at Bathurst on the Gambia. It was built by the *Luft Hansa*, with our permission, as the African base for their transoceanic air mail to South America. Both of these might be an amusing sideline for our Coastal Command to take over, especially as its C.-in-C., Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill, knows that coast so well from his sailor days, and knows African air conditions through his West-Central African fighting in the War 1914-1918.



Drawing by Roland Davies

FORCING AN ENEMY AIRCRAFT TO ITS DESTRUCTION—HOW THE MANŒUVRE IS CARRIED OUT BY THE R.A.F.

In many recent accounts of aerial combat we have read of enemy aircraft being forced down into the sea or compelled to land after a chase by Spitfire or Hurricane fighters. The above diagram shows how this manœuvre is carried out. With the R.A.F. fighter on his tail, and unable to turn or to zoom upwards out of danger owing to the knowledge that his adversary can perform these evolutions so much faster, the German is forced lower and lower. At the critical moment, when he *must* risk all, the Messerschmitt pilot discovers—too late—that his aircraft cannot respond. The Spitfire, with added height and with better manœuvrability, however, soars upwards and away

ALBANIA AND FRANCE

Two Maps for the Student of International Politics

REVOLT IN ALBANIA: The mountainous territory of Albania has recently emerged into the forefront of Balkan news. At the beginning of last week an armed revolt of Albanian tribesmen against conscription took place, a considerable number of Italian troops being killed and wounded in the attempts to round up the mountaineers. Greece was suddenly drawn into the matter by an accusation that Albanians were being oppressed. Daut Haggia, an Albanian "patriot," was murdered in mysterious circumstances, and Greece is accused of being implicated

FRANCE UNDER PÉTAIN GOVERNMENT: Much as Marshal Pétain desires to return to Paris and all the amenities which he still hopes to find there, he was still, last week, functioning from Vichy. Two hundred miles separated him from the Seine. He is indeed in an unenviable position. France remains in a state of moral and physical chaos both in the unoccupied and occupied sections. The *Paris Soir*, which is published under German control, prints the latest decrees published in the *Journal Officiel*, showing that food restrictions are ever increasing. It points out that all available factories are turning out bicycles, which, owing to lack of petrol, are now the almost universal means of locomotion

THE RISE OF ITALY 1789-1940

FROM A MASS OF TINY, WARRING STATES TO A UNITED NATION—AN HISTORICAL NOTE

FROM the fall of the Roman Empire until late in the nineteenth century, there was no period in history at which Italy could be considered, politically, as a nation. "Italy" did not exist except as a geographical name for a portion of Europe. Belgium has often been alluded to as the "cockpit of Europe," but Italy also has shared that unenviable fate.

Goths, Vandals, Franks, Germans, Spaniards, Austrians, and mercenary bands followed each other to seize large portions of the land and pillage wherever opportunity offered. Under a thin cloak of religion, the Papal Church of Rome established themselves as masters of a large part of Italy, exploited and despoiled the population, and waxed fat in the process.

These conditions remained until the period of the French Revolution, but with the coming of Napoleon Bonaparte conditions began to react in Italy's favour. The French under Napoleon made a complete conquest of Italy: it was certainly a change of masters, but it was also a change for the better. Under Napoleon's administration Italy was extensively improved.

Napoleon proclaimed "I shall make of the people of Italy a single nation"; although he never lived to see this dream come true, he planted the seed which finally bore fruit under General Garibaldi, the "Liberator" of Italy. In June, 1861, Italy became a free nation at last, when King Victor Emmanuel set up his Government in Rome, with a representative Parliament.

After securing liberty and national government, Italy looked forward to a happy and prosperous future, but great expectations are seldom realised, and Italy was no exception. The population being largely illiterate, the vote had little effect towards progress. Taxation was high and the parliamentary system was by no means free from corruption. This caused much discontent and the idea of Socialism spread. To counter this the Fascist organisation came into being, and shortly after the war of 1914–18 became firmly established.

Mussolini, the leader of the party, grew in strength and, finally, obtained dictatorial powers from Parliament in 1922. Since that date Mussolini has continued in power.

Now, in 1940, we come to the dangers which once again confront Italy. When the present war broke out in September, 1939, Mussolini wisely decided to remain neutral. Had Italy remained neutral until the close of the war, the world would have recognised his wisdom. But in June last Mussolini astonished a horrified world by declaring war on France at the moment when that country was staggering under the colossal attacks of Germany. Swollen by nearly twenty years of power, puffed up by a vainglorious ambition to establish a second Roman Empire, Mussolini was tempted, by greed and ambition, to share in the spoils before it was too late.

1789: A MASS OF TINY STATES AND DUCHIES, EACH PURSUING ITS OWN WAY

1810: AFTER THE NAPOLEONIC CONQUESTS, A HUGE SLICE BECOMES FRENCH

1861: THE ITALY OF GARIBALDI WHEN VICTOR EMMANUEL BECAME KING

1940: WITH THE BIG SLICES OF AUSTRIA ACQUIRED AFTER THE WAR 1914-1918

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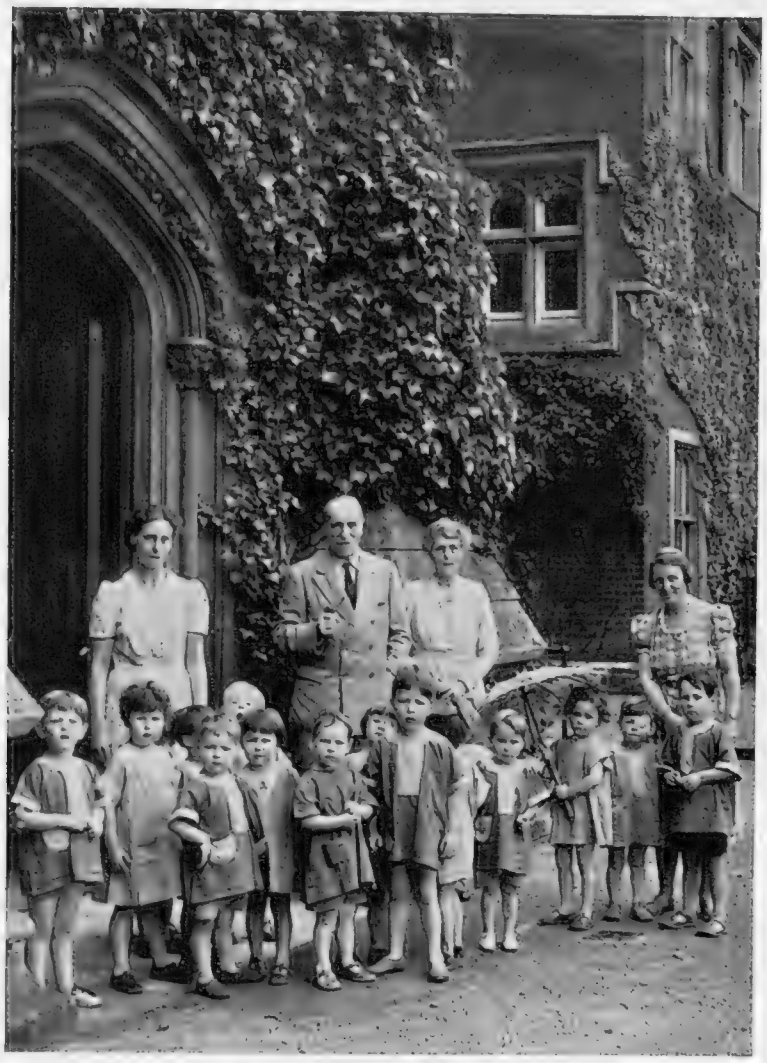
NEW HOMES FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

How the Evacuated Infants of London are Faring in their New Homes in Country and Seaside



A DOCTOR M.P. MAKES A HOME FOR EVACUATED CHILDREN: Lieut.-Colonel Sir Francis Fremantle, M.P. for the St. Albans Division of Hertfordshire, and Lady Fremantle, have placed their residence, Bedwell Park at Hatfield, at the disposal of the young children evacuated from the St. Leonard's Nursery School. The youngsters are, apparently, revelling in their new open-air life. Sir Francis holds a number of medical qualifications; he was County Medical Officer for Herts for fourteen years, and he served in the South African and Great Wars. Here he is seen, with Lady Fremantle, with some of the evacuated children and their teachers

SUN AND AIR AND EXERCISE FOR EVACUEE CHILDREN IN DEVON: These children are having the time of their lives on the seashores along the Devon coast. The sun and air are building their bodies, and they enjoy health-giving exercises by the sea in their beautiful new environment

WHERE NURSES OF THE WORLD ONCE MET—A NEW SERVICE WOMEN'S CLUB: The King George and Queen Elizabeth Club for Service Women has just been opened at 15 Manchester Square. It was formerly the residence of the Florence Nightingale International Foundation for Nurses, and from all over the world nurses had gathered there. Now it will become a centre for service women from all over the Empire

THE "THREEPENNY CLUB" FOR LONELY WIVES GETS 100 MEMBERS IN ITS FIRST WEEK: The Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Marr-Johnson, daughter of Lord Maugham, has founded a war-time club in the Paddington district for women whose husbands and sons are in the Services and whose children have been evacuated. Membership is only threepence a year. The club is a social centre and a day nursery for children (too young to be evacuated) whose mothers are working during the day. This picture shows some of the club members arriving in the morning to place their children under expert care in the day nursery whilst they are away pursuing their war-time occupations

FROM SOUTH LONDON TO SOUTH DEVON: It may be some consolation to the thousands of people who will be prevented from holiday-making in Devonshire this year to know that the delights of the West Country are now being enjoyed by children from evacuated areas. There is also little doubt that could every mother see how these children are being cared for there would be many more thousands of children sent into safer places from the areas most likely to be affected by Nazi air attacks. Cockney children, in particular, with their quick reactions to new conditions, have soon settled down with kindly foster parents in cottages and farms. After school they love to roam the fields and woods, of which they have hitherto seen so little. In the picture above are seen Ronald, Iris and David Blackie off to school from the Devon farmhouse which is now their home. They come from Campbell Buildings in Lower Marsh, Lambeth, in the heart of London—a great contrast to their new and lovely surroundings!

THE DOOMED VILLAGE OF ILSINGTON SAVED: Enterprise in reconstructing old cottages has saved almost the entire village of Ilsington, on the verge of Dartmoor. Of fifteen dwellings round the church, twelve were condemned as unfit, and had they gone, only the school, the inn, and a farmhouse would have remained. Captain Quelch, now living in retirement in the parish, purchased the property, and under the Housing Act of 1926 has now carried out the reconstruction. St. Michael's Cottages, shown here, date from the reign of Henry VII and were Poorhouses. Removal of a coating of roughcast has revealed charming stonework and arches, and also a stoned-up archway which led directly into the churchyard

AN EDINBURGH RELIC OF THE BODY-SNATCHERS: From 1771 till the trial in 1828 of Burke (of the firm of Burke and Hare) the Scottish capital was notorious for "the most horrid and unchristian actions of the grave makers, their raising and selling of the dead, abhorred by Turks and heathens." One provision made to guard against this practice was to cover over the graves with heavy iron bars, putting the gravestones themselves on top of the grille work as shown in this picture taken in the Greyfriars Churchyard

AN OLD BUCKS CUSTOM WHICH STILL EXISTS: At the old cattle pound, which still stands intact at Burnham, a notice is posted each year on the wall: this declares that "I, the Reeve of the Liberty of East Burnham, will attend at the Crown, in Burnham, on March 25, for the purpose of marking the cattle of all persons within the said Liberty who are entitled to send their cattle to depasture on the wastes of Burnham Beeches." The pound is close to the Crown Inn and belongs to the Manor which incorporated Burnham Beeches. This was acquired by the Corporation of London more than half a century ago. The marking of cattle has been done annually for centuries. Above, the superintendent is watching the head keeper marking two donkeys in the pound; in the background is the Crown Inn

AN HISTORIC SPOT DAMAGED BY AIR RAIDS: During a recent air raid on Portsmouth, a building with an intimate association with Lord Nelson was severely damaged. This is the old George Hotel: through the gateway seen above, the famous Admiral passed on his way to join the flagship *Victory* for the Battle of Trafalgar. The plaque commemorating this association is seen—undamaged—on the left

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

NOVELS SET IN DISTANT LANDS

A Story of the East : English Country Life : A "Blood" from the West

MR. LIN YUTANG is a Chinese who writes in English. Many readers will remember how much they enjoyed, and were impressed by, *The Importance of Living* and *My Country and My People*. Now Mr. Lin Yutang has published a novel of contemporary Chinese life, **MOMENT IN PEKING** (Heinemann. 15s.)

"What," says the author, "is a novel but a 'little talk,' as the name *hsiaoshuo* implies?" It is significant that what some English writers might call a saga of modern life, this Chinese makes but a moment of, and that his "little talk" spreads over 700 closely printed pages.

The story covers forty years, from the beginning of the century to the present day; a journey between two Terrors, the Boxer of 1900 to the Japanese of 1940. It is a story of change; of what in loose modern idiom is called progress; of its effect on the class most affected, the official, the intelligentsia, the bourgeois. It is a tale of dramatic contrast, for the age-old life of China remains the unchanging background, and, because the model is Chinese and not European, its stress is upon human relations, its concentration upon individual character.

We are introduced to this old official family through the dissimilar characters of two daughters. Through them, their three sons and daughters-in-law we see the virus of "modernity" working; the consequent weakening of family discipline and the interplay of conflict between the individual and a way of life. Can they build better than that they seek to destroy? It is an old story in a bright new Chinese dress, told with tenderness, humour, and a rare detachment.

With our next novel we travel to the far west, to the romantic land of our childhood reading; to the fur traders, red-coats, "Long Knives," chiefs, braves, and squaws, who made a pattern of life on Mackinac Island, which the Indians knew as The Turtle, set in the "seas of sweet water."

THE LOON FEATHER (Harrap. 9s. 6d.) is again an old story on the tragic and romantic theme of the alien corn. Proud daughter of the chief of the Ojibways, granddaughter of the chief of the Loon tribe, Oneta learned her first lisping lessons at a French mission school. Adopted and brought up by a family of traders; adjusting herself to the white man's world under the kindly influence of Grandmère, Pierre and her half brother Paul, she remained the daughter of Tecumseh and proud of her heritage.

Miss Iola Fuller tells this love story in Oneta's own words, and a very beautiful story it is. There are conflicts of race and tradition which can come near to breaking the most loving heart: there are tests in love and friendship which wring anguish from deep-rooted loyalties. There is also the poetry of woods and waters, of the first robin's song, of ice and snow, the smell of burning wood, of the patient, age-old lore of the Indian, of the predatory steadfastness of the white pioneers.

The quality of Miss Fuller's book is in the beauty of her natural descriptions and in the effortless flow of her narrative. It has the structure of a lovely symphony and is one of those rare books which linger in the memory.

With Miss Margery Sharp we enter a world brisk with pointed allusion for those who, like the modern poet, are "addicted to bucolic sport." Miss Sharp's witticisms lift the otherwise flat and unprofitable life of the village of Gillenham to the level of a bubbling champagne-glass full of laughter.

THE STONE OF CHASTITY (Collins. 7s. 6d.); a title, as the blurbist points out, for relaxation. Who would be the folk-lorist, pursuing so indelicate a piece of local history but one named Professor Isaac Pounce? Who, to assist him in his experiments, would he choose but the lovely unmoral Carmen? Wouldn't he also have a young prig of an undergraduate nephew who "liked his women mature," and a stiff-necked, whale-boned sister-in-law, whose church-going primness was to be sorely tried in a glorious comedy scene.

Then there is Mrs. Pye, of the hell-fire-and-brimstone school; the affable vicar and his acidulated spouse; old Grandpa Thirkettle, looking and behaving like an ancient and inebriated tortoise; Mrs. Jim, the free-spoken landlady of the Grapes; Miss Mildred Hyatt, who practised arty-craftery at Rose Cottage, and a chorus of boy scouts and village swains and maidens.

It is all, of course, a lot of chirruping nonsense, but the nonsense is laced with many a shrewd crack at the panorama of life outside the parish boundary. If it is relaxation you want, here it is.

Miss Romilly Cavan has also written a story in which the vein of light comedy runs strong, though her humour is more subtle, her nuances more delicately shaded.

BENEATH THE VISITING MOON (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.) is a real family novel, the mother, the four children, the lovely old country house to which they were so deeply attached that they were starved of all the best things in life in order to go on living in it. Then the swift adjustment to easier conditions through Mrs. Fontayne's second marriage; but made intolerable by the invasion of the two Jones children. Even the mild mannered Mr. Jones seemed to take on the guise of an ogre-like interloper, while Bronwen and Peter proved to be sophisticates of a horrifying character, cramping their style and driving them to all sorts of unaccustomed postures of style and manners.

IN THE NEWS: Eileen Bigland, whose new book, *Into China*, strikes a topical note since it was along the Burma Road, recently closed by Britain to the Chinese arms traffic, that she made the journey. Owing to air raids in Chungking she was forced to flee, leaving all her belongings behind

Through it all runs the love affair of Sarah, for whom the incursion of the Jones's was both an irritation and an outlet. It is easy to be humorous, and even witty, about the love of a young girl for a middle-aged man. Miss Cavan is neither. She sets it down convincingly and with understanding. She makes it real and touches it with poignancy without sentimentality. That is a real achievement.

Again I agree with a blurbist. Miss Cavan writes with distinction. Her style is well suited to the interplay of character, and this story indicates reserves of strength which I hope will encourage her to tackle something more profound later on.

Those who cannot confess to a weakness for blood and thunder, who abhor gangster films and tales of the wild and woolly west, had better not tackle Mr. Jack Ganzhorn's **I'VE KILLED MEN** (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.). For he did kill men, forty-two of 'em, and "that's only counting straight six-shooter fights." To that tally he could add hundreds of anonymous Filipinos, bumped off in one of Uncle Sam's little wars.

Well, I have liked "bloods" ever since they came at a penny each, so I fell for this true life story of an old-timer who was quicker than most on the draw in the days when the bad men roamed his native state of Arizona, even though I found it hard to believe that he "had spent months and years of his adult life in learning to read and write with the sole purpose of recording these pages."

If that is true he sure learned a lot of long words in the time and developed a style that would send O. Henry revolving in his grave and maybe cause Mr. Hemingway to drop his fishing rod and go rub up on his slang.

"Reading in his narrowing eyes the intent to shoot, I ducked my head and threw my body forward. A roar filled my ears; hot flame singed the yellow fuzz on my right cheek and scorched the back of my neck. I didn't know I'd shot, or even slapped leather, until I felt the jump of my six-shooter's recoil in my clenched fist. A red stream gushed from a blossoming rose in the centre of the gugu's throat and he sank to the floor."

Which, we will agree, is not so bad for a tyro. But how about this for a bit of local colour?

"Git loose from that hammer," Bill snapped, "afore I drill you! Back up agin th' wall, there, th' rest o' you. Pronto!"—his gun waving the hookers and pimps back.

That is the level of Mr. Jack Ganzhorn's little bedtime story. It is a large fat book, but I could have done with lots more.

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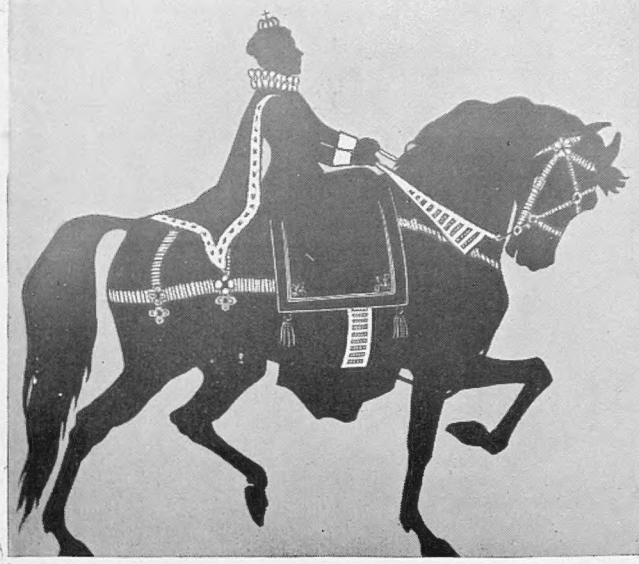

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MINISTRY OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S

FOOD FACTS No. 4

Are you collecting these useful advertisements? Many people are pinning them up in the kitchen.

"As a Lancashire man said, '*We've got through to the Final*'. We are good at finals. But mark this: we go into training for finals. We harden ourselves, and we discipline our lives. Only by fostering every ounce of our national resources—in our kitchens just as much as in our manufactures—can we field a team that will be unbeatable."

LORD WOOLTON.

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

How to salt Runner Beans. While runner beans are plentiful, it is an excellent plan to put some down in salt for winter use.

Allow 1 lb. of salt to 3 lbs. of beans. Dry the salt and crush with rolling pin. Choose young, fresh beans. Wash, dry thoroughly and remove strings. If small, leave whole; otherwise break into two or three pieces. Put a layer of salt in a stoneware jar, then a layer of beans. Repeat, pressing beans down well. Finish with an ample layer of salt. Cover and leave for a few days when beans will have shrunk. Fill up with more beans and salt, cover tightly and store in a cool, dry place.

Before use, wash beans thoroughly in several waters, then soak in warm water for not more than 2 hours.

War-time Plum Jam. If you are making plum jam for eating during the next 3 or 4 months, try this economical recipe.

Grease your preserving pan with butter or margarine papers. Wash 6 lb. plums and cook very slowly with ½ pint of water until quite tender (about ¾ hour). Then add 4½ lbs. sugar and boil rapidly. It is a good plan to warm your sugar before adding. Test for setting point by cooling a little jam on a plate. If the surface sets and wrinkles when pushed with the finger, the jam is ready. Pour into clean, hot jars.

Coffee for Breakfast. There are ample supplies of coffee in the country. Why not try it for breakfast? The rules for making it are simple.

Warm your earthenware jug and allow 2 heaped teaspoonsful of coffee for each cup. Be sure the kettle is boiling fast. Take the jug to the kettle and pour on the exact amount of water required. Stir, cover, allow to stand for 2 minutes, give another stir in a downward spiral to settle the grounds, and leave for two more minutes before pouring into the cups. *Do you listen to the useful food hints on the wireless every morning at 8.15?*

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

TRIANGLE: Karl Baumer (Edmund Willard), German Consul in New York, suspects his wife Sophie (Margaretta Scott) of being in love with an American journalist whom he sees across the road and to whom he draws her attention

"MARGIN FOR ERROR"

At the Apollo Theatre

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE: Officer Finkelstein (Hartley Power), who has been appointed to guard the German Consul, whiles away the time with the German maid (Genevieve Fellowes)

SUSPECTS ALL: After the murder of the Consul everyone is under suspicion. Baron von Alveston (Bruno Barnabe) is being examined by Officer Finkelstein while Thomas S. Denny (Hugh McDermott) and the Consul's wife watch with interest and trepidation

Miss Clare Boothe, whose play, *The Women*, enjoyed such an outstanding success both here and in America, has once again scored a hit with her latest play, *Margin For Error*, at the Apollo. The setting is the German Consulate in New York, and the action revolves round the murder of the Nazi Consul, whose death takes place in front of a number of people who are occupying the front of the stage. The second half of the play is concerned with the unravelling by a method of cross-examination whereby everyone present at the time is implicated and under suspicion. A touch of whimsical irony is the detailing of a Jewish policeman as the Consul's bodyguard.

MURDER AND MUSIC

A Thriller at the Lyric; The "Proms" Again

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

In spite of the sort of weather one expects to get in August (which is surely a sufficiently safe way of putting it) and sundry alarms and excursions, the theatrical boom which started a month or so ago not only continues but (as I write) is increasing. It is true that last week only one new play was produced, but many are in preparation and business all round has been excellent.

The Body was Well Nourished, the aforesaid novelty, has not been nourished with as many new and bright ideas as it might have been, though it stands a good chance of filling the Lyric Theatre for some time. It follows the familiar formula of being funny about murder. In this case, however, we find after a bit that what was supposed to be the arm of a dead woman—it did not deceive me or, I imagine, anyone else into thinking that it was anything but just cloth stuffed with straw and the clumsiest of "props"—was, so far as the plot went, the arm of a living one, who turned up in the next act in the person of a pretty brunette, not stuffed with straw. But German crooks did try to bomb an English politician while in amorous dalliance—an episode which, thanks to the performance of Mr. Joss Ambler, was by far the most diverting of the whole evening.

The bulk of the talk was carried on by Mr. Barry K. Barnes, the very epitome of bright young suburban chattiness, and by Miss Diana Churchill, with less repose than formerly and inclined to shout, as the girl who falls in love with him.

Mr. Barnes and Miss Churchill, who in private life are Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, are, I think, the sole modern representatives of those theatrical couples who in days gone by were described by Mr. Bernard Shaw as "casting a halo of unblemished domesticity over an otherwise disreputable profession." And if Mr. and Mrs. Barnes achieve eventually the eminence of Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore, Cyril Maude and Winifred Emery, Fred Terry and Julia Neilson, and Seymour Hicks and Ellaline Terriss, so much the better.

The "Proms."—Sir Henry Wood, with beard, baton, bonhomie and buttonhole, stepped on to the rostrum at the Queen's Hall last Thursday night at 8 o'clock precisely, only a few minutes after the "all clear" signal had been sounded. Not even an air-raid warning can prevent Sir Henry from being punctual, and he received from the vast audience what was probably the most enthusiastic reception in all his forty-six years of "Prom" conducting. The London Symphony Orchestra, who are newcomers to this job, played supremely well some Berlioz, a piano concerto of Rachmaninoff (not the familiar C minor, by way of a change), with Moiseiwitsch as the soloist, Strauss's gloriously colourful "Don Juan," and a new work, tenderly impressionistic, by that excellent musician and most artistic person generally, Mr. Theodore Holland.

The "Proms" have been packed so far, and to private enterprise in the persons of those two very plucky music lovers, Mr. Keith Douglas and Mr. Owen Mase (*vice* the B.B.C., retired hurt), the gratitude of the whole community is due. That the B.B.C. are not even broadcasting the concerts is something worse than ludicrous. The explanation seems to be that they cannot afford it. Strange!

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

THE effect of owning a motor car prior to the days of petrol restrictions was to nullify one's knowledge of train services. Everyone has a vague idea that the best way to get to Scotland is to travel overnight by train, and those of us who live in London could claim assertively that the Southern Belle, leaving Victoria at stated times, would almost certainly land one at Brighton. Nowadays it becomes imperative to be more detailed than this, and I hate to think of places being unexplored simply because people cannot bring themselves to think in terms of rolling stock instead of tar macadam.

How many of you, for instance, are familiar with the Lakeland Express? How many of you are aware that she pulls out of Euston at 1 p.m. daily, and can deposit you at Kendal in Westmorland at five o'clock that evening? And why shouldn't she? There are many worse places as a base for Lakeland explorations than the quaint old town of Kendal, with its winding streets, twisted, cobbled alleyways, and its unusually large church, with four aisles instead of the customary three. Something else catches the eye of every newcomer to Kendal's main street, and that is the whitewashed, half-timbered front of the Fleece Inn, its window boxes gay with flowers.

As is the case with so many old buildings of this type, the entrance is at the side of the house, down a cobbled yard, but this fact does not prevent all and sundry from finding their way there. They can be sure of a cheery word and smile from Mr. Wilson, under whose management the inn flourishes, and they can also be sure of a very good glass of beer. A mellower "pint" I have seldom tasted.

At this point I feel rather like the Red Queen, who offered Alice a dry biscuit when she complained of thirst, for the charms of the Fleece must be enjoyed by day. You cannot stay the night there; it is an inn and restaurant, but there is no sleeping accommodation. That a century or more ago it was a popular port of call for long distance post-chaises is made clear by the fascinating little leaded window set at an angle in the wall that commands the street, built so that coaches could be espied before they actually arrived and everything be in readiness to receive the occupants. A word of warning to lovers of antiques who visit the Fleece—keep away from Mr. Wilson's private sanctum unless you want to be consumed with envy of his possessions. He has an old oak chest and a corner cupboard that any connoisseur would covet.

Though this inn cannot put you up, the Kendal Hotel can, and it is only a step across the road. North British Trust Houses own both these establishments, and they see to it that at the Kendal Hotel you are well fed and well looked after.

There is another theory widely held by Midland folk and Southerners, which is that in the North it is invariably cold. This is a fallacy; while no one can deny that in reaching Westmorland you are distinctly Northward bound, I emphatically refute the suggestion that this district is usually cold and perennially wet.

On a day of sunshine and warm breezes, when the air could not be called anything but balmy, I visited Grange over Sands, known as the Torquay of the North. The coast curves round at a point where the River Kent runs into Morecambe Bay, and high above the little silver-grey town stands an hotel such as one so often dreams about, so seldom finds.

The shady, tree-lined road that leads to Grathwaite Manor rises steeply; the terraced gardens, designed to shield the house from the gaze of casual passers-by rise more steeply; your spirits, as you first go inside, rise more steeply still! The receptionist smiles at you as though she had been waiting all day for this particular moment. Mrs. Stoker, under whose watchful eye the wheels go round, is kindness and hospitality personified. Your impression of the square lounge hall that faces the entrance is one of oak, flowers and colours that blend. The same is true of the dining-room, which was cool and inviting, not the least inviting part of it being the menu. I ate the most delicious fish, a chicken dish that melted in the mouth and a very good ice. Mrs. Stoker thinks we are heading for an ice age; she finds they are so popular that one of some kind nearly always makes its appearance both for lunch and dinner, among a variety of sweets.

This hotel has not long been built, and was designed by a man who has earned the unspoken approval of his staff for building a house only two storeys high, with spacious servants' quarters and back stairs that are almost as wide and shallow as the front flight. Visitors' bathrooms, except where a room or suite has a private bath, are clustered in groups in each of the two wings; the men's quarters in one wing, the women's in another. Each bedroom has its own individual colour scheme, and I was particularly intrigued by the gay eiderdowns with quilted corners, which don't get nearly so creased in appearance as the more ordinary flat kind. Wardrobes are unusually deep, a point which finds favour with every woman, and another great boon from the feminine viewpoint is the service room, in which you can have the use of an electric iron.

When the garden was laid out, flowers were not the only things that were grown in it; vegetables have a large share of the ground, and "home grown" can be applied to a number of the dishes that find their way to the dining-room.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

C. M., Cambridge.—Personally the place I would like you to go to is Fuidge Manor, at Spreyton, because although it's off the beaten track—two miles from the main Exeter–Okehampton Road, there is plenty to do there, yet plenty of opportunity to relax.

A. M. S., Budleigh Salterton.—If you are looking for a not-too-large hotel in an attractive part of the Lake district I would say that all the Lake district is attractive, but the Nab Wood Hotel, which has a really ideal position, high up and right on Lake Windermere, would be a particularly good bet. Miss Wilson runs it extremely well, and I am quite sure you will be comfortable there. There is another very nice private hotel at Grasmere, the Glen Rothay, run by Mrs. Hendy.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a 2½d. stamp for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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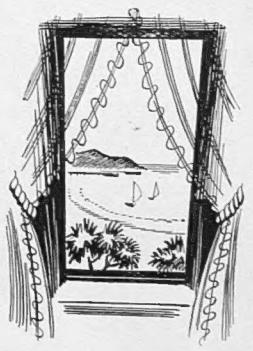

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